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Mrs. Joseph Powell

BOONE TAKEN PRISONER.

PIONEER LIFE IN THE WEST;

COMPRISING THE ADVENTURES OF

BOONE KENTON BRADY, CLARKE THE WHETZELS,

AND OTHERS,

IN THEIR FIERCE ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS.

PHILADELPHIA:
JOHN E. POTTER AND COMPANY,
617 SANSOM STREET

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Adventures of Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone, one of the first adventurers who penetrated into the wilds of Kentucky, was born in Virginia, of English parents, in the year 1730. Early in his life his parents emigrated to the banks of the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, then recently settled.

In 1769, he, with John Finley, and four

other companions crossed the wilderness bordering on the Cumberland Mountains, in quest of the region of Kentucky, then little known. On the 7th of June, they arrived at Red River, north of the Kentucky; soon after Boone and John Stewart, one of his companions, were captured by a party of savages; they within ten days escaped, but could find no trace of the rest of their party, who had returned home. Boone and Stewart, would have been constrained to follow them, had not Daniel's brother, Squire Boone, followed their track from North Carolina, and brought a few necessaries to them. Stewart being killed soon after by the Indians, the two Boones were left the only white men in the wilderness. After living together in a cabin until May, Squire Boone went home, returning however in July, according to agreement. The brothers then traversed the country to the Cumberland River, and, the following year, returned to their families, determined to remove them to Kentucky.

In September, 1773, Boone commenced his removal to Kentucky, with his own, and five other families, and was joined by forty men, who placed themselves under his guidance. Being attacked by the Indians, six of his men were slain, and the cattle belonging to the party dispersed. The survivors returned, in consequence, to the settlements on Clinch River, about forty miles from the scene of action. A company from North Carolina, having formed a plan of purchasing the lands on the south side of the Kentucky River from the Southern Indians, employed Boone to buy a tract of country, the limits of which were described to him. He performed the service, and soon after, made a road from the settlements on the Holston to the Kentucky River, notwithstanding the incessant attacks of the Indians, in which four of his men were killed and five wounded.

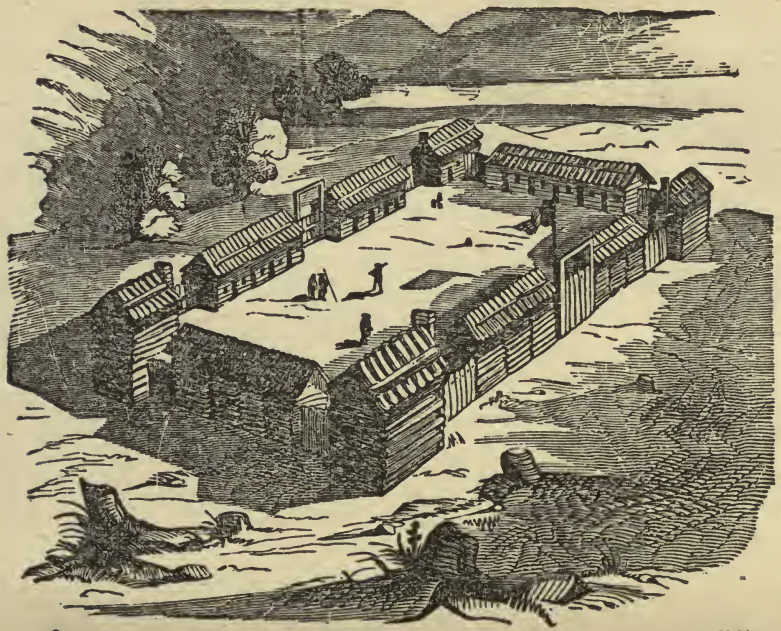
In 1774, at the request of Lord Dunmore, Boone accompanied a party of surveyors to the Falls of the Ohio, (Lou-

isville,) and was active in expeditions against the Indians during that year.

In April, 1775, he built a fort at a salt spring, on the southern bank of the Kentucky, where Boonesborough is now situated. It consisted of a block house and several cabins, enclosed with palisades.

In 1777, he sustained two sieges in Boonesborough from the Indians, but repulsed them.

In the following year, however, February 7th, Boone was taken prisoner by the savages, while hunting, with a number of his men. In May, they were conducted to Detroit, were they experienced great kindness from Governor Hamilton, the British commander of that post. He even offered the Indians £100 for their prisoner, in order that he might liberate him on parole, but they would not part with him, having conceived for him sentiments of great affection and respect. On his return he was adopted by one of the principal chiefs at Chilicothe, and might



2 THE FORT (13)

have been happy in this situation, had not the thoughts of his wife and children continually kept alive the desire of escape.

Four months after his capture, Boone learned that five hundred warriors were preparing to march against Boonesborough. One morning (June 16th), having risen at the usual hunting hour, he departed, apparently for the woods, but in reality for Boonesborough. He arrived there on the 20th of June; after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, performed in four days, having eaten, it is said, but one meal during that time.

On the 8th of August, a body of savages, to the number of four hundred and fifty, commanded by Canadian Frenchmen and some of their own chiefs, invested the fort with British colors flying. Boone was summoned to surrender, but announced his determination, and that of the garrison, who amounted to but fifty men, "to defend the fort as long as a man of them was alive."

The enemy then resolved to obtain it

by stratagem, and requested that nine of the principal persons of the garrison would come out and treat with them, promising terms so favorable, that the invitation was accepted. After the articles of the treaty had been signed, Boone and his companions were told that it was customary, upon such occasions, among the Indians, for two of them to shake each white man by the hand, in order to evince the sincerity of their friendship.

This was also agreed to; and, accordingly, two Indians approached each of the nine, and, taking his hands, grappled him, with the intent of making him prisoner. Their object being then immediately perceived, Boone and his companions extricated themselves, and retreated into the fort, amid a heavy fire from the savages.

An attack was then quickly commenced, and continued until the 20th of August, when the enemy abandoned the siege. Boone's wife and children had left the fort before the siege commenced, to go to

FRENCH AND INDIANS ATTACKING BOONESBOROUGH.

BOONE PURSUED BY INDIANS.

the residence of Mrs. Boone's father on the Yadkin, where Boone visited them in 1779. In October, as Boone was returning from the Blue Licks, with his brother, the latter was slain, and Boone pursued by a party of Indians for three

miles, by the aid of a dog; but, having killed the animal, he escaped.

In 1782, the depredations of the savages increasing to an intolerable extent, Boone, with other militia officers, collected one hundred and seventy-six men, and went in pursuit of a large body, who had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a bend of the main fork of the Licking River, forty miles from Lexington. They overtook them August 19th, but, being much inferior in numbers, were obliged to retreat.

General Clarke, then at the falls of the Ohio, immediately assembled a considerable number of men, and commenced the pursuit of the savages, accompanied by Boone.

In the year 1798, in consequence of a defect in his title to lands in Kentucky, Boone was dispossessed of what was an ample estate, and made poor. The region he had explored, and helped to defend, now contained a population of half a million. Indignant because of being dis-

possessed, he shouldered his rifle, left Kentucky forever, and, with some followers, plunged into the wild forests of Missouri, west of the Mississippi. He received a grant of two thousand acres of land, in Upper Louisiana, from the Spanish authorities, and his children and followers were also presented with eight hundred acres each. He settled with them on the Missouri River, at Charette, some distance beyond the inhabited parts of the country, where he followed his usual course of life—hunting and trapping for bears, until September, 1822, when he died, at the residence of his son, Major A. Boone, in Montgomery County, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been gradually declining for some years previous to his decease. It is related that, some time before that event, he had two coffins made out of a favorite cherry tree, the first of which, not fitting, he gave to a son-in-law; in the second he was buried, having bestowed on it a fine polish, by a course of rubbing for several

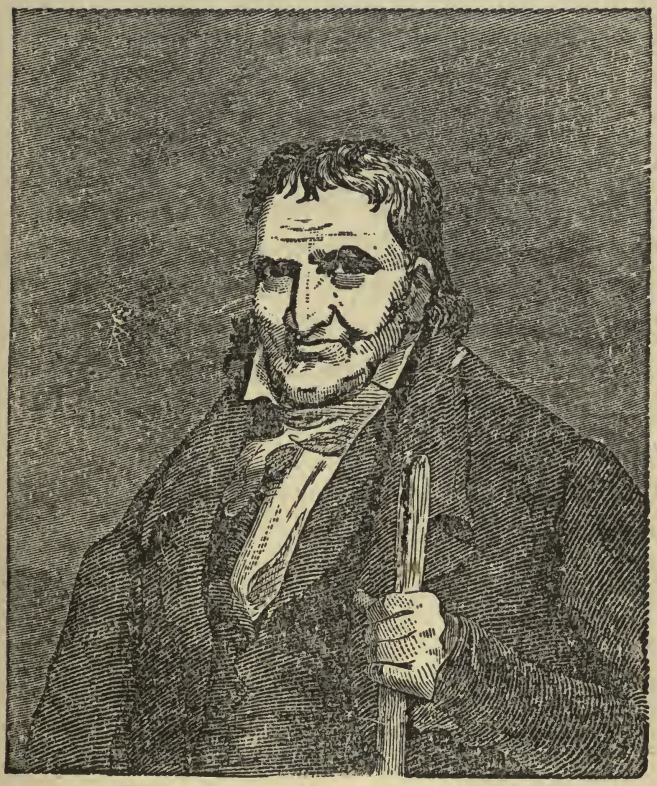
years. His sons and daughters still reside in Missouri.

Adventures of Simon Kenton.

Simon Kenton first came out to Kentucky, in the year 1771, at which time he was a youth of sixteen. He was almost constantly engaged in conflicts with the Indians from that time until the treaty of Greenville. He was probably in more expeditions against the Indians, encountered greater peril, and had more narrow escapes from death, than any man of

his time. The many incidents of his romantic and eventful life, are well detailed by his friend and biographer, Colonel John M'Donald, from whose work we extract the thrilling narrative of his captivity and hair-breadth escapes from a cruel and lingering death.

Kenton lay about Boone's and Logan's stations, till ease became irksome to him. About the 1st of September of this same year, 1778, we find him preparing for another Indian expedition. Alexander Montgomery and George Clark joined him, and they set off from Boone's station, for the avowed purpose of obtaining horses from the Indians. They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded cautiously to Chillicothe, (now Oldtown, Ross county.) They arrived at the town without meeting any adventure. In the night they fell in with a drove of horses that were feeding in the rich prairies. They were prepared with salt and halters. They had much difficulty to catch the horses; however, at length they succeeded, and



SIMON KENTON.

as soon as the horses were haltered, they dashed off with seven—a pretty good haul.

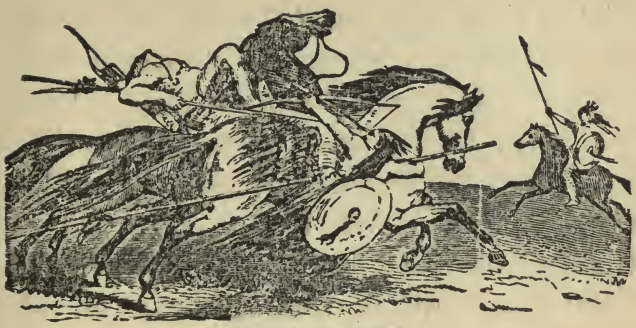
They traveled with all the speed they could to the Ohio. They came to the Ohio near the mouth of Eagle creek, now in Brown county. When they came to the river, the wind blew almost a hurricane. The waves ran so high that the horses were frightened, and could not be induced to take the water. It was late in the evening. They then rode back into the hills some distance from the river, hobbled and turned their horses loose to graze; while they turned back some distance, and watched the trail they had come, to discover whether or not they were pursued.

Here they remained till the following day, when the wind subsided. As soon as the wind fell they caught their horses, and went again to the river; but their horses were so frightened with the waves the day before, that all their efforts could not induce them to take the water.

This was a sore disappointment to our adventurers. They were satisfied that they were pursued by the enemy; they therefore determined to lose no more time in useless efforts to cross the Ohio; they concluded to select three of the best horses, and make their way to the falls of the Ohio, where General Clark had left some men stationed.

Each made choice of a horse, and the other horses were turned loose to shift for themselves. After the spare horses had been loosed, and permitted to ramble off, avarice whispered to them, and why not take all the horses? The loose horses had by this time scattered and straggled out of sight. Our party now separated to hunt up the horses they had turned loose.

Kenton went towards the river, and had not gone far before he heard a whoop in the direction of where they had been trying to force the horses into the water. He got off his horse and tied him, and then crept with the stealthy tread of a



INDIAN HORSEMEN.

cat, to make observations in the direction he heard the whoop. Just as he reached the high bank of the river, he met the Indians on horseback. Being unperceived by them, but so nigh that it was impossible for him to retreat without being discovered, he concluded the boldest course to be the safest, and very deliberately took aim at the foremost Indian. His gun flashed in the pan. He then retreated. The Indians pursued on horseback.

In his retreat, he passed through a piece of land where a storm had torn up a great part of the timber. The fallen trees afforded him some advantage of the

Indians in the race, as they were on horseback and he on foot. The Indian force divided; some rode on one side of the fallen timber, and some on the other. Just as he emerged from the fallen timber, at the foot of the hill, one of the Indians met him on horseback, and boldly rode up to him, jumped off his horse and rushed at him with his tomahawk.

Kenton concluding a gun-barrel as good a weapon of defence as a tomahawk, drew back his gun to strike the Indian before him. At that instant another Indian, who, unperceived by Kenton, had slipped up behind him, clasped him in his arms. Being now overpowered by numbers, further resistance was useless—he surrendered. While the Indians were binding Kenton with tugs, Montgomery came in view, and fired at the Indians, but missed his mark. Montgomery fled on foot. Some of the Indians pursued, shot at, and missed him; a second fire was made, and Montgomery fell. The In-

SIMON KENTON TIED TO A HORSE.

dians soon returned to Kenton, shaking at him Montgomery's bloody scalp. George Clark, Kenton's other companion, made his escape, crossed the Ohio, and arrived safe at Logan's station.

The Indians encamped that night on the bank of the Ohio. The next morning they prepared their horses for a return to their towns, with the unfortunate and unhappy prisoner. Nothing but death in the most appalling form presented itself to his view. When they were ready to set off, they caught the wildest horse in the company, and placed Kenton on his back. The horse being very restiff, it took several of them to hold him, while the others lashed the prisoner on the horse. They first took a tug, or rope, and fastened his legs and feet together under the horse. They took another and fastened his arms. They took another and tied around his neck, and fastened one end of it around the horse's neck; the other end of the same rope was fastened to the horse's tail, to answer in place of

a crupper. They had a great deal of amusement to themselves, as they were preparing Kenton and his horse for fun and frolic. They would yelp and scream around him, and ask him if he wished to steal more horses. Another rope was fastened around his thighs, and lashed around the body of his horse; a pair of moccasins was drawn over his hands, to prevent him from defending his face from the brush.

Thus accoutred and fastened, the horse was turned loose to the woods. He reared and plunged, ran through the woods for some time, to the infinite amusement of the Indians. After the horse had run about, plunging, rearing, and kicking for some time, and found that he could not shake off, nor kick off his rider, he very quietly submitted himself to his situation, and followed the cavalcade as quiet and peaceable as his rider.

The Indians moved towards Chillicothe, and in three days reached the town. At night they confined their prisoner in the

following manner: He was laid on his back, his legs extended, drawn apart, and fastened to two saplings or stakes driven in the ground. His arms were extended, a pole laid across his breast, and his arms lashed to the pole with cords. A rope was tied around his neck, and stretched back just tight enough not to choke him, and fastened to a tree or stake near his head. In this painful and uncomfortable situation, he spent three miserable nights, exposed to gnats, and musketoes, and weather. O, poor human nature, what miserable wretches we are, thus to punish and harass each other! (The frontier whites of that day, were but little behind the Indians, in wiles, in cruelty, and revenge.)

When the Indians came within about a mile of the Chillicothe town, they halted and camped for the night, and fastened the poor unfortunate prisoner in the usual uncomfortable manner. The Indians, young and old, came from the town to welcome the return of their

successful warriors, and to visit their prisoner.

The Indian party, young and old, consisting of about one hundred and fifty commenced dancing, singing and yelling around Kenton, stopping occasionally and kicking and beating him for amusement. In this manner they tormented him for about three hours when the cavalcade returned to town, and he was left for the rest of the night, exhausted and forlorn, to the tender mercies of the gnats and musketoes.

As soon as it was light in the morning, the Indians began to collect from the town, and preparations were made for fun and frolic at the expense of Kenton, as he was now doomed to run the gauntlet. The Indians were formed in two lines, about six feet apart, with each a hickory in his hands, and Kenton placed between the two lines, so that each Indian could beat him as much as he thought proper, as he ran through the lines He had not ran far before he

4 INDIANS TORMENTING A PRISONER. (37)

discovered an Indian with his knife drawn to plunge it into him; as soon as Kenton reached that part of the line where the Indian stood who had the knife drawn, he broke through the lines, and made with all speed for the town.

Kenton had been previously informed by a negro named Cæsar, who lived with the Indians and knew their customs, that if he could break through the Indians' lines, and arrive at the council-house in the town before he was overtaken, that they would not force him a second time to run the gauntlet. When he broke through their lines, he ran at the top of his speed for the council-house, pursued by two or three hundred Indians, screaming like infernal furies.

Just as he had entered the town, he was met by an Indian leisurely walking towards the scene of amusement, wrapped in a blanket. The Indian threw off his blanket; and as he was fresh, and Kenton nearly exhausted, the Indian soon caught him and threw him down. In a

moment the whole party who were in pursuit came up, and fell to cuffing and kicking him at a most fearful rate. They tore off his clothes, and left him naked and exhausted. After he had lain till he had in some degree recovered from his exhausted state, they brought him some water and something to eat.

As soon as his strength was sufficiently recovered, they took him to the council-house, to determine upon his fate. Their manner of deciding his fate was as follows: Their warriors were placed in a circle in the council-house; an old chief was placed in the centre of the circle, with a knife and a piece of wood in his hands. A number of speeches were made. Kenton, although he did not understand their language, soon discovered by their animated gestures, and fierce looks at him, that a majority of their speakers were contending for his destruction. He could perceive that those who pleaded for mercy, were received coolly; but few grunts of approbation

were uttered when the orators closed their speeches.

After the orators ceased speaking, the old chief who sat in the midst of the circle, raised up and handed a war-club to the man who sat next the door. They proceeded to take the decision of their court. All who were for the death of the prisoner, struck the war-club with violence against the ground; those who voted to save the prisoner's life, passed the club to his next neighbor without striking the ground. Kenton, from their expressive gestures, could easily distinguish the object of their vote. The old chief who stood to witness and record the number that voted for death or mercy, as one struck the ground with a war-club he made a mark on one side of his piece of wood; and when the club was passed without striking, he made a mark on the other. Kenton discovered that a large majority were for death.

Sentence of death being now passed upon the prisoner, they made the welkin

INDIAN COUNCIL.

ring with shouts of joy. The sentence of death being passed, there was another question of considerable difficulty presented itself to the consideration of the council; that was, the time and place, when and where, he should be burnt. The orators again made speeches on the subject, less animated indeed than on the trial; but some appeared to be quite vehement for instant execution, while others appeared to wish to make his death a solemn national sacrifice.

After a long debate, the vote was taken, when it was resolved that the place of his execution should be Wapatomika,

INDIAN WARRIOR. (43)

(now Zanesfield, Logan county.) The next morning he was hurried away to the place destined for his execution. From Chillicothe to Wapatomika, they had to pass through two other Indian towns, to wit: Pickaway and Machecheek. At both towns he was compelled to run the gauntlet; and severely was he whipped through the course. While he lay at Machecheek, being carelessly guarded, he made an attempt to escape. Nothing worse than death could follow, and here he made a bold push for life and freedom. Being unconfined, he broke and run, and soon cleared himself out of sight of his pursuers.

While he distanced his pursuers, and got about two miles from the town, he accidentally met some Indians on horse-back. They instantly pursued and soon came up with him, and drove him back again to town. He now, for the first time, gave up his case as hopeless. Nothing but death stared him in the face. Fate, it appeared to him, had sealed his

doom; and in sullen despair, he determined to await that doom, that it was impossible for him to shun.

How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and how little can man control his destiny! When the Indians returned with Kenton to the town, there was a general rejoicing. He was pinioned, and given over to the young Indians, who dragged him into the creek, tumbled him in the water, and rolled him in the mud, till he was nearly suffocated with mud and water. In this way they amused themselves with him till he was nearly drowned.

He now thought himself forsaken by God. Shortly after this, his tormentors moved with him to Wapatomika. As soon as he arrived at this place, the Indians, young and old, male and female, crowded around the prisoner. Among others who came to see him, was the celebrated and notorious Simon Girty. Kenton and Girty were bosom companions at Fort Pitt, and in the campaign with Lord Dunmore.

As it was the custom of the Indians to black such prisoners as were intended to be put to death, Girty did not immediately recognize Kenton in his black disguise. Girty came forward and inquired of Kenton where he had lived. Was answered Kentucky. He next inquired how many men there were in Kentucky. He answered, he did not know; but would give him the names and rank of the officers, and he, Girty, could judge of the probable number of men.

Kenton then named a great many officers, and their rank, many of whom had honorary titles, without any command.

At length Girty asked the prisoner his name. When he was answered, Simon Butler. (He had changed his name when he fled from his parents and home.)

Girty eyed him for a moment, and immediately recognized the active and bold youth, who had been his companion in arms about Fort Pitt, and in the campaign with Lord Dunmore. Girty

threw himself into Kenton's arms, embraced and wept aloud over him—calling him his dear and esteemed friend. This hardened wretch, who had been the cause of the death of hundreds, had some of the sparks of humanity remaining in him, and wept like a child at the tragical fate which hung over his friend. "Well," said he, to Kenton, "you are condemned to die, but I will use every means in my power to save your life."

Girty immediately had a council convened, and made a long speech to the Indians, to save the life of the prisoner. As Girty was proceeding through his speech, he became very animated; and under his powerful eloquence, Kenton could plainly discover the grim visages of his savage judges relent. When Girty concluded his powerful and animated speech, the Indians rose with one simultaneous grunt of approbation, saved the prisoner's life, and placed him under the care and protection of his old companion, Girty.

The British had a trading establishment then at Wapatomika. Girty took Kenton with him to the store, and dressed him from head to foot, as well as he could wish: he was also provided with a horse and saddle. Kenton was now free, and roamed about through the country, from Indian town to town, in company with his benefactor. How uncertain is the fate of nations as well as that of individuals! How sudden the changes from adversity to prosperity, and from prosperity to adversity.

Kenton being a strong, robust man, with an iron frame, with a resolution that never winced at danger, and fortitude to bear pain with the composure of a stoic, he soon recovered from his scourges and bruises, and the other severe treatment he had received. It is thought probable, that if the Indians had continued to treat him with kindness and respect, he would eventually have become one of them. He had but few inducements to return again to the whites. He was then a fugitive

from justice, had changed his name, and he thought it his interest to keep as far from his former acquaintances as possible. After Kenton and his benefactor had been roaming about for some time, a war party of Indians, who had been on an expedition to the neighborhood of Wheeling, returned; they had been defeated by the whites, some of their men were killed, and others wounded. When this defeated party returned they were sullen, chagrined, and full of revenge, and determined to kill any of the whites who came within their grasp.

Kenton was the only white man upon whom they could satiate their revenge. Kenton and Girty were then at Solomon's town, a small distance from Wapatomika. A messenger was immediately sent to Girty to return, and bring Kenton with him. The two friends met the messenger on their way. The messenger shook hands with Girty, but refused the hand of Kenton.

Girty, after talking aside with the

5* INDIAN LODGE. (53)

messenger some time, said to Kenton, they have sent for us to attend a grand council at Wapatomika. They hurried to the town; and when they arrived there the council-house was crowded. When Girty went into the house, the Indians all rose up and shook hands with him; but when Kenton offered his hand, it was refused with a scowl of contempt. This alarmed him; he began to admit the idea that this sudden convention of the council, and their refusing his hand, boded him some evil.

After the members of the council were seated in their usual manner, the war chief of the defeated party, rose up and made a most vehement speech, frequently turning his fiery and revengeful eyes on Kenton during his speech. Girty was the next to rise and address the council. He told them that he had lived with them several years; that he had risked his life in that time more frequently than any of them; that they all knew that he had never spared the life of one of the

hated Americans; that they well knew that he had never asked for a division of the spoils; that he fought alone for the destruction of their enemies; and he now requested them to spare the life of this young man on his account. The young man, he said, was his early friend, for whom he felt the tenderness of a parent for a son, and he hoped, after the many evidences that he had given of his attachment to the Indian cause, they would not hesitate to grant his request. If they would indulge him in granting his request to spare the life of this young man, he would pledge himself never to ask them again to spare the life of a hated American.

Several chiefs spoke in succession on this important subject; and with the most apparent deliberation, the council decided, by an overwhelming majority, for death. After the decision of this grand court was announced, Girty went to Kenton, and embracing him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sym-

INDIAN VILLAGE.

pathized with him in his forlorn and unfortunate situation; that he had used all the efforts he was master of to save his life, but it was now decreed that he must die—that he could do no more for him. Awful doom!

It will be recollected, that this was in 1778, in the midst of the American revolution. Upper Sandusky was then the place where the British paid their western Indian allies their annuities; and as time might effect what his eloquence could not, Girty, as a last resort, persuaded the Indians to convey their prisoner to Sandusky, as they would meet vast numbers to receive their presents; that the assembled tribes could there witness the solemn scene of the death of the prisoner. To this proposition the council agreed; and the prisoner was placed in the care of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky. What windings, and twistings, and turnings, were seen in the fate of our hero!

As the Indians passed from Wapa-

tomika to Upper Sandusky, they went through a small village on the river Scioto, where then resided the celebrated chief, Logan, of Jefferson memory. Logan, unlike the rest of his tribe, was humane as he was brave. At his wigwam the party who had the care of the prisoner, staid over night. During the evening, Logan entered into conversation with the prisoner.

The next morning he told Kenton that he would detain the party that day—that he had sent two of his young men off the night before to Upper Sandusky, to speak a good word for him. Logan was great and good—the friend of all men. In the course of the following evening his young men returned, and early the next morning the guard set off with the prisoner for Upper Sandusky.

When Kenton's party set off from Logan's, Logan shook hands with the prisoner, but gave no intimation of what might probably be his fate. The party went on with Kenton till they came in

LOGAN TAKING LEAVE OF KENTON.

view of the Upper Sandusky town. The Indians, young and old, came out to meet and welcome the warriors, and view the prisoner. Here he was not compelled to run the gauntlet. A grand council was immediately convened to determine upon the fate of Kenton. This was the fourth council which was held to dispose of the life of the prisoner.

As soon as this grand court was

organized and ready to proceed to business, a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Peter Druyer, who was a captain in the British service, and dressed in the gaudy appendages of the British uniform, made his appearance in the council. This Druyer was born and raised in Detroit—he was connected with the British Indian agent department—was their principal interpreter in settling Indian affairs; this made him a man of great consequence among the Indians. It was to this influential man, that the good chief Logan, the friend of all the human family, sent his young men to intercede for the life of Kenton. His judgment and address were only equalled by his humanity. His foresight in selecting the agent who it was most probable could save the life of the prisoner, proves his judgment and his knowledge of the human heart.

As soon as the grand council was organized, Captain Druyer requested permission to address the council. This

KENTON'S PARTY GOING TO DETROIT.

permission was instantly granted. He began his speech by stating, "that it was well known that it was the wish and interest of the English that not an American should be left alive. That the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war—that neither peace nor safety could be expected, so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth." This part of his speech received repeated grunts of appro-

bation. He then explained to the Indians, "that the war to be carried on successfully, required cunning as well as bravery --that the intelligence which might be extorted from a prisoner, would be of more advantage, in conducting the future operations of the war, than would be the lives of twenty prisoners. That he had no doubt but the commanding officer at Detroit could procure information from the prisoner now before them, that would be of incalculable advantage to them in the progress of the present war. Under these circumstances, he hoped they would defer the death of the prisoner till he was taken to Detroit, and examined by the commanding general. After which he could be brought back, and if thought advisable, upon further consideration, he might be put to death in any manner they thought proper." He next noticed, "that they had already had a great deal of trouble and fatigue with the prisoner without being revenged upon him; but that they had got back all the horses the

prisoner had stolen from them, and killed one of his comrades; and to insure them something for their fatigue and trouble, he himself would give one hundred dollars in rum and tobacco, or any other articles they would choose, if they would let him take the prisoner to Detroit, to be examined by the British general."

The Indians, without hesitation, agreed to Captain Druyers's proposition, and he paid down the ransom. As soon as these arrangements were concluded, Druyer and a principal chief set off with the prisoner for Lower Sandusky. From this place they proceeded by water to Detroit, where they arrived in a few days. Here the prisoner was handed over to the commanding officer, and lodged in the fort as a prisoner of war. He was now out of danger from the Indians, and was treated with the usual attention of prisoners of war in civilized countries. The British commander gave the Indians some additional remuneration for the life of the prisoner, and they returned

satisfied to join their countrymen at Wapatomika.

As soon as Kenton's mind was out of suspense, his robust constitution and iron frame in a few days recovered from the severe treatment they had undergone. Kenton remained at Detroit until the June following, when he, with other prisoners, escaped, and after enduring great privations, rejoined their friends.

About the year 1802, he settled in Urbana, where he remained some years, and was elected brigadier-general of militia. In the war of 1812, he joined the army of General Harrison, and was at the battle of the Moravian town, where he displayed his usual intrepidity. About the year 1820, he moved to the head of Mad river. A few years after, through the exertions of Judge Burnet and General Vance, a pension of twenty dollars per month was granted to him, which secured his declining age from want. He died in 1836, at which time he had been a member of the Methodist

GENERAL HARRISON.

church about eighteen years. The frosts of more than eighty winters had fallen on his head without entirely whitening his locks.

Adventures of Captain Brady.

Who has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—Of his perilous adventures by field and flood?—Of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach?—Of his chivalrous courage?—Of his unmatched personal activity?—Yet where do we ever read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or peradventure, from a time-worn Ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

CAPTAIN BRADY.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion, such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career, but hitherto without success. At length, an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquaintance with Capt. Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest, that others will contribute their mite, and that an historian will be found to place Brady of the Rangers by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee of the Legion, and other distingushed patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resource in the hour of danger. His the step that faltered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific

scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears, and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurance that the broad Allegheny,—the dividing line between the Indians and Whites,—was watched by the gallant Captain and his Rangers; and to their apprehensions of death or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly,—"They dare not move on the river, for there lies Brady and the Rangers."

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the State of Delaware, A. D. 1733. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland. At a very early period Hugh Brady settled within five miles of where Shippensburg now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere, and religious. Many anecdotes are collected, evincive of this, but they would be out of place here.

During the French and Indian wars, that portion of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and

several other young men had been active against them, and, as a mark and reward of merit, he was appointed captain in the provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigly, and Samuel, their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, A. D. 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the Captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected, saying, "Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer."

While the riflemen lay in the "Leaguer of Boston," frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion Lowden was ordered to

select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island when the tide was out, and drive out some cattle belonging to the British. He considered Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the Captain's astonishment, Brady was the second man on the island and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his Captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the Captain in his arms and raised him saying with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, Samuel Brady was appointed a first lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the West under General Broadhead. On

SIEGE OF BOSTON

their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on the 9th day of August, 1778. He remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburg and joined his regiment.

Shortly after he arrived at Pittsburg, he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind. Here commenced his western exploits.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Col. Hand of Lancaster, and had advanced too far; they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled around him. The British were nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge that it tore out. He dashed on—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on. He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions, Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to head-quarters.

In 1780 a small fort within the present limits of Pittsburg, was the head-quarters of Gen. Broadhead, who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Alle

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

gheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to General Broadhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence, against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

Gen. Broadhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Captain Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprise. But he saw the anxiety of the father of his country to procure informa-

tion that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river, and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen, neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its branches by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white-man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian "stratagie," and dressed in the full war-dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he

led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky, he saw a fire, approached it, and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy.—However, he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him, if taken prisoner, he passed on until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partially covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All

was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia or Kentucky with some very fine horses. One gray horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed upon him, and thus was he beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing anything by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Broadhead was found to be very defective. The dis-

tance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track, Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had went but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan, and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance, the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback,

but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and give them a general fire. He sprung to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child, saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Captain Brady, follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed

BRADY IN HIS INDIAN DRESS CARRYING OFF THE CHILD.

him, and the Indians dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war-whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the whites, at least with Rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of fort M'Intosh, gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to quit the place when the yell of a *pet* Indian that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered.

The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut brushes and stuck them into the ground; but the brushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep; with all his implements of war about him.

> "He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> With his powder-horn and pouch about him."

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him and the scalp from the head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold.

Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Captain Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father, and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburg by water, where they were received with military honor. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburg and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians.

A few days after Brady left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occa-

sionally discover in the distance, an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop," said Brady "and shoot the dog and then we can get along better."

He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud war-whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class.

His success as a partizan had acquired for him its usual results—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction.—At length an open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickly settlement, committing the most barbarous murders of men, women and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else.—The

ATTACK ON SEWICKLY SETTLEMENT.

alarm was brought to Pittsburg, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers, dispatched for the protection of the settlements, and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded: but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from the commander to take a small party for the purpose of "catching the Indians;" but was refused. By dint of importunity,

however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the command of *five men;* to this be added his *pet* Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving towards Sewickly, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburg and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the south-east. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank.—He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were drawn to its upper or north-eastern bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough and mountainous;

and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance, on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickly a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the *law of arms*, came frequently down to him and occasioned the party no little trouble. —The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian, but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, as likely to put to hazard a more decisive and important achievement.

INDIAN STEALING THE STALLION.

At length the Indians seemed quiet, and the Captain determined to pay them a closer visit; and, if in doing so, he met with a ludicrous adventure, gentle reader, it is no fault of mine.

He got quite near their fires; his *pet* Indian had caught him by the hair and gave it a pluck, intimating the advice to retire, which he would not venture to whisper; but finding Brady disregardless of it, he crawled off; when the Captain who was scanning their numbers, and

the position of their guns, observed one throw off his blanket and rise to his feet. It was altogether impracticable for Brady to move, without his being seen. He instantly decided to remain where he was and risk what might happen. He drew his head slowly beneath the brow of the bank, putting his forehead to the earth for concealment. His next sensation was that of *warm water* poured into the hollow of his neck, as from the spout of a *tea-pot*, which, trickling down his back over the chilled skin, produced a feeling that even his iron nerves could scarce master. He felt quietly for his tomahawk, and had it been about him, he probably would have used it; but he divested himself even of that, when preparing to approach the fires, lest by striking against the stones or gravel, it might give the alarm. He was compelled, therefore, "nolens volens," to submit to this very unpleasant operation, until it should please his warriorship to refrain; which he soon did, and returning to his

place, wrapped himself up in his blanket, and composed himself for sleep as if nothing had happened.

Brady returned too, and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared, the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting, doubtless, in the scalps they had taken; the plunder they had acquired; and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy; short-lived triumph; the *avenger of blood* was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well known war-cry was heard, his party was among them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of blood, which he seemed to have succeeded in staunching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered, by the wounded man, and the pursuit was again renewed. A second

time the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcase.

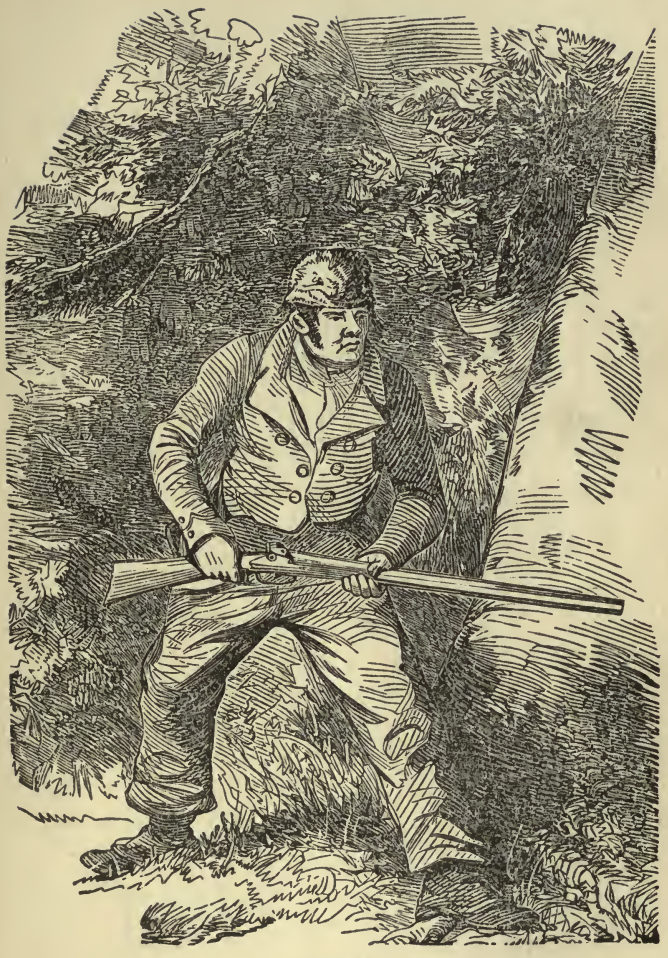
The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburg, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

Excursion of Brady and Phouts.

Captain Brady had returned from Sandusky, perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought —Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of his honored Captain bore traces of

deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said.—"Gabtain, was ails you?" Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, "I have been thinking about the red-skins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to pay them a visit.—Now if I get permission from the General to do so, will you go along?" Phouts was a stout thick Dutchman of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised himself on tiptoe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder and lightnin', I would rader go mit you, Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddins in tis gountry."—Brady told him to keep quiet and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know anything of the expedition except Gen. Broadhead—bidding Phouts



PHOUTS.

call at his tent in about an hour. He went to the General's quarters whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The General gave his consent, at parting took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the General's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him *with tears in his eyes*, and repaired to his tent, where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the General, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning

their guns, preparing their ammunition and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together, and slept soundly until about two hours before daybreak. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the "deadly rifle," and whilst all but the sentinels were wrapt in sleep, they left the little fort, and in a short time found themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of the river they reached a small creek that put in from the Pittsburg side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek, a run comes into it; upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer. They placed themselves

in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to their fire, and during the night *jerked* a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of *jerked*, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and travelled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighborhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburg where they encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him; telling him at the same time "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made by them, be they whom they may." Accordingly they hid themselves amongst fallen timber and remained so till about

SHOOTING DEER.

ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the crows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts accompanied him.—They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had gone about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding

further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "No, by George, I vill see too." They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the Captain of the Spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent.—He determined on knowing more in the morning; and

forcing Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it. Here he found a large trail of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny: to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two days before.—Upon seeing this he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create, if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single-handed, without doing him further "scathe," and carry

INDIAN CAMP.

him off to Pittsburg. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the "old man of the woods," till within a few feet, then raising himself

up, he made a spring like a panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian, hard and fast by the throat. The old man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the grip of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner, he bade him surrender, as he valued his life.—The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner. On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburg, and would be kindly treated, he showed them a canoe, which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping-rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's

THE OLD INDIAN.

mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day-light appeared, the captain started to where their jerk was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long, till the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phouts' composition there was a much larger proportion of kindness than of fear. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the eye of the other was not upon him, he sprang to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked, and at his breast, whereupon he let out a most magnificent roar and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part

of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle, and the yell of Phouts; and supposing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter, sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done!"—"Yust look, Gabtan," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d——d black b——h vas apout;"—holding up to view the hole in his belt. He then related what has been stated with respect to his untieing the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him.—They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburg, the fourth day after their departure.

The Captain related to the General what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians, whose camp he

had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement. —The General was of the same opinion, and was much affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon the country for men, and had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenceless by their absence.

Peter Francisco.

Peter Francisco, a soldier of the Revolution, and celebrated for his personal strength, lived and raised his family in Buckingham, where he died a few years

since. His origin was obscure. He supposed that he was a Portuguese by birth, and that he was kidnapped when an infant, and carried to Ireland. He had no recollection of his parents, and the first knowledge he preserved of himself was living in that country when a small boy. Hearing much of America, and being of an adventurous turn, he indented himself to a sea-captain for seven years, in payment for his passage. On his arrival he was sold to Anthony Winston, Esq., of Buckingham county, on whose estate he labored faithfully until the breaking out of the revolution. He was then at the age of sixteen, and partaking of the patriotic enthusiasm of the times, he asked and obtained permission of his owner to enlist in the continental army. At the storming of Stony Point, he was the first soldier, after Major Gibbon, who entered the fortress, on which occasion he received a bayonet wound in the thigh. He was at Brandywine, Monmouth, and other battles at the north, and was transferred to the

south under Greene, where he was engaged in the actions of the Cowpens, Camden, Guilford Court House, &c. He was a very brave man, and possessed such confidence in his prowess as to be almost fearless. He used a sword having a blade five feet in length, which he could wield as a feather, and every swordsman who came in contact with him, paid the forfeit of his life. His services were so distinguished, that he would have been promoted to an office had he been enabled to write. His stature was six feet and an inch, and his weight two hundred and sixty pounds. His complexion was dark and swarthy, features bold and manly, and his hands and feet uncommonly large. Such was his personal strength, that he could easily shoulder a cannon weighing one thousand one hundred pounds; and our informant, a highly respectable gentleman now residing in this county, in a communication before us, says: "he could take me in his right hand and pass over the room with me,

and play my head against the ceiling, as though I had been a doll-baby. My weight was one hundred and ninety five pounds." The following anecdote, illustrative of Francisco's valor, has often been published:—

"While the British army were spreading havoc and desolation all around them, by their plunderings and burnings in Virginia, in 1781, Francisco had been reconnoitring, and while stopping at the house of a Mr. V——, then in Amelia (now Nottoway) county, nine of Tarleton's cavalry came up, with three negroes, and told him he was their prisoner. Seeing he was overpowered by numbers, he made no resistance. Believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving him and the paymaster together. 'Give up instantly, all that you possess of value,' said the latter, 'or prepare to die.' 'I have nothing to give up,' said Francisco, 'so use your pleasure.' 'Deliver instantly,' rejoined the soldier, 'those massy silver buckles which you wear in

your shoes.' 'They were a present from a valued friend,' replied Francisco, 'and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will. You have the power; take them, if you think fit.' The soldier put his sabre under his arm, and bent down to take them. Francisco, finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew the sword with force from under his arm, and instantly gave him a blow across the scull. 'My enemy,' observed Francisco, 'was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and, in the same moment that he pulled the trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben. V—— (the man of the house) very ungenerously brought out a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse they could get, and presented it at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A short struggle ensued. I disarmed and

FRANCISCO AND THE TROOPERS.

wounded him. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which I increased by repeatedly halloing, as loud as I could, Come on, my brave boys; now's your time; we will soon dispatch these few, and then attack the main body! The wounded man flew to the troop, the others were panic struck, and fled. I seized V——, and would have dispatched him, but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind, I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten more in pursuit of me, I made off. I evaded their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled, and fell on their rear. I went the next day to V—— for my horses; he demanded two, for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with my six horses. I

intended to have avenged myself of V.—— at a future day, but Providence ordained I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of those very horses.'"

Several other anecdotes are related of the strength and bravery of Francisco. At Gates' defeat at Camden, after running some distance along a road, he took to the woods and sat down to rest; a British trooper came up and ordered him to surrender. With feigned humility, he replied he would, and added, as his musket was empty, he had no further use for it. He then carelessly presented it sideways, and thus throwing the soldier off his guard, he suddenly levelled the piece, and driving the bayonet through his abdomen, hurled him off his horse, mounted it, and continued his retreat. Soon he overtook his colonel, William Mayo, of Powhatan, who was on foot. Francisco generously dismounted and gave up the animal to his retreating officer, for which act of kindness the

colonel subsequently presented him with a thousand acres of land in Kentucky.

Francisco was possessed of strong natural sense, and an amiable disposition. He was, withal, a companionable man, and ever a welcome visitor in the first families in this region of the state. He was industrious and temperate, and always advocated the part of the weak and unprotected. On occasions of outbreaks, at public gatherings, he was better, in rushing in and preserving public peace, than all the conservative authorities on the ground. Late in life, partly through the influence of his friend, Chas. Yancey, Esq., he was appointed sergeant-at-arms to the House of Delegates, in which service he died, in 1836, and was interred with military honors in the public burying-ground at Richmond.

Joe Logston.

A WRITER in the American Pioneer, Mr. Felix Renick, has given some anecdotes of "Big Joe Logston," who lived in Virginia, in the latter part of the last century. "No Kentuckian," says he, "could ever, with greater propriety than he, have said, 'I can out-run, out-hop, out-jump, throw down, drag out, and whip any man in the country.'" Big Joe removed from the vicinity of the source of the north branch of the Potomac, to Kentucky, about the year 1790, during the prevalence of the Indian wars. Mr.

Renick gives the following account of a desperate fight which he had in that country with two Indians:

Riding along a path which led into a fort, he came to a fine vine of grapes. He laid his gun across the pommel of his saddle, set his hat on it, and filled it with grapes. He turned into the path, and rode carelessly along, eating his grapes; and the first intimation he had of danger, was the crack of two rifles, one from each side of the road. One of the balls passed through the paps of his breast which for a male, were remarkably prominent, almost as much so as those of many nurses. The ball just grazed the skin between the paps, but did not injure the breast-bone. The other ball struck his horse behind the saddle, and he sank in his tracks. Thus was Joe eased off his horse in a manner more rare than welcome. Still he was on his feet in an instant, with his rifle in his hands, and might have taken to his heels; and I will venture the opinion that no Indian could

have caught him. That, he said was not his sort. He had never left a battle-ground without leaving his mark, and he was resolved that that should not be the first. The moment the guns were fired, one very athletic Indian sprang towards him with tomahawk in hand. His eye was on him, and his gun to his eye, ready, as soon as he approached near enough to make a sure shot, to let him have it. As soon as the Indian discovered this, he jumped behind two pretty large saplings, some small distance apart, neither of which was large enough to cover his body, and, to save himself as well as he could, he kept springing from one to the other.

Joe, knowing he had two enemies on the ground, kept a look-out for the other by a quick glance of the eye He presently discovered him behind a tree loading his gun. The tree was not quite large enough to hide him. When in the act of pushing down his bullet, he exposed pretty fairly his hips. Joe, in the

JOE LOGSTON'S COMBAT WITH TWO INDIANS.

twinkling of an eye, wheeled, and let him have his load in the part exposed. The big Indian then, with a mighty "Ugh!" rushed towards him with his raised tomahawk. Here were two warriors met, each determined to conquer or die—each the Goliath of his nation. The Indian had rather the advantage in size of frame, but Joe in weight and muscular strength. The Indian made a halt at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and threw his tomahawk with all his force, but Joe had his eye on him and dodged it. It flew quite out of the reach of either of them. Joe then clubbed his gun and made at the Indian, thinking to knock him down. The Indian sprang into some brush or saplings, to avoid his blows—he depended entirely on dodging, with the help of the saplings. At length Joe, thinking he had a pretty fair chance, made a side blow with such force, that, missing the dodging Indian, the gun, now reduced to the naked barrel, was drawn quite out of his hand, and flew entirely out of

reach. The Indian now gave another exulting "Ugh!" and sprang at him with all the savage fury he was master of. Neither of them had a weapon in his hands, and the Indian, seeing Logston bleeding freely, thought he could throw him down and dispatch him. In this he was mistaken. They seized each other, and a desperate scuffle ensued. Joe could throw him down, but could not hold him there. The Indian being naked, with his hide oiled, had greatly the advantage in a ground scuffle, and would still slip out of Joe's grasp and rise. After throwing him five or six times, Joe found, that between loss of blood and violent exertions, his wind was leaving him, and that he must change the mode of warfare or lose his scalp, which he was not yet willing to spare. He threw the Indian again, and without attempting to hold him, jumped from him, and as he rose, aimed a fist blow at his head, which caused him to fall back, and, as he would rise, Joe gave him several blows in

succession, the Indian rising slower each time. He at last succeeded in giving him a pretty fair blow in the burr of the ear, with all his force, and he fell, as Joe thought, pretty near dead. Joe jumped on him, and thinking he could dispatch him by choking, grasped his neck with his left hand, keeping his right one free for contingencies. Joe soon found the Indian was not so dead as he thought, and that he was making some use of his right arm, which lay across his body, and, on casting his eye down discovered the Indian was making an effort to unsheath a knife that was hanging at his belt. The knife was short, and so sunk in the sheath that it was necessary to force it up by pressing against the point. This the Indian was trying to effect, and with good success. Joe kept his eye on it, and let the Indian work the handle out, when he suddenly grabbed it, jerked it out of the sheath, and sunk it up to the handle into the Indian's breast, who gave a death groan and expired.

Joe now thought of the other Indian, and not knowing how far he had succeeded in killing or crippling him, sprang to his feet. He found the crippled Indian had crawled some distance towards them, and had propped his broken back against a log, and was trying to raise his gun to shoot him, but in attempting to do which he would fall forward, and had to push against his gun to raise himself again. Joe, seeing that he was safe, concluded he had fought long enough for healthy exercise that day, and not liking to be killed by a crippled Indian, he made for the fort. He got in about night-fall, and a hard-looking case he was—blood and dirt from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, no horse, no hat, no gun—with an account of the battle that some of his comrades could scarce believe to be much else than one of his big stories, in which he would sometimes indulge. He told them they must go and judge for themselves. Next morning a company was made up to go to Joe's battle-ground.

When they approached it, Joe's accusers became more confirmed, as there was no appearance of dead Indians, and nothing Joe had talked of but the dead horse. They, however, found a trail, as if something had been dragged away. On pursuing it they found the big Indian, at a little distance, beside a log, covered up with leaves. Still pursuing the trail, though not so plain, some hundred yards further, they found the broken-backed Indian, lying on his back, with his own knife sticking up to the hilt in his body, just below the breast-bone, evidently to show that he had killed himself, and that he had not come to his end by the hand of an enemy. They had a long search before they found the knife with which Joe killed the big Indian. They at last found it forced down into the ground below the surface, apparently by the weight of a person's heel. This had been done by the crippled Indian. The great efforts he must have made, alone, in that condition, show, among thousands of other

instances, what Indians are capable of under the greatest extremities.

Some years after the above took place, peace with the Indians was restored. That frontier, like many others, became infested with a gang of outlaws, who commenced stealing horses and committing various depredations; to counteract which a company of regulators, as they were called, was raised. In a contest between these and the depredators, Big Joe Logston lost his life,—which would not be highly esteemed in civil society,—but in frontier settlements, which he always occupied, where savages and beasts were to be contested with for the right of the soil, the use of such a man is very conspicuous. Without such, the country could never have been cleared of its natural rudeness, so as to admit of the more brilliant and ornamental exercises of arts, sciences, and civilization.

Jesse Hughs.

Jesse Hughs was one of the bold pioneers who acted a conspicuous part against the Indians. He was bred from

infancy in the hotbed of Indian warfare, and resided in Clarksburg. He was a light-built, spare man, and remarkably active on foot, and from his constant practice of hunting, became one of the best woodsmen and Indian hunters of his day. The annexed anecdotes we derive from the American Pioneer:

About the year 1790, the Indians one night came secretly upon the settlement at Clarksburg, and stole some horses. Next morning at daylight a party of about twenty-five men started in pursuit, and came upon the Indian trail, and judged from appearances there were only eight or ten of them. The captain and a majority, in a hasty council, were for pursuing the trail. Hughs opposed it, and advised them to let him pilot them by a near way to the Ohio, and intercept the Indians in their retreat. But this they would not listen to. He, then showed them the danger of following their trail; and that in that case they would be waylaid,—that the Indians would choose

a secure position, shoot two or three of them, and escape. The commander, jealous of Hughs' influence, broke up the council, by exclaiming: "All the men may follow me—let the cowards go home!" and dashed off at full speed. Hughs felt the insult, but followed with the rest. The result proved as he had predicted. Two Indians in ambush on the top of a cliff, fired and mortally wounded two of the party in the ravine, and escaped. Now convinced of their error, they put themselves under Hughs; but on arriving at the Ohio, they saw that the savages had crossed it. Hughs then got some satisfaction of the captain for his insult to him. He told them he wanted to find who the cowards were; that if any would go with him, or even one, he would cross the river in the pursuit. They all refused. He then said he would go alone, and get a scalp, or leave his own with them. Alone he crossed the river, and the next morning came upon their camp. They were all absent hunting except one

Indian, who was left to guard the camp. He, unsuspecting danger, was fiddling on some dry bones, and singing, to pass the time, when Hughs crept up and shot him; and, with the poor fellow's scalp, returned to his home some seventy miles distant, through the wilderness.

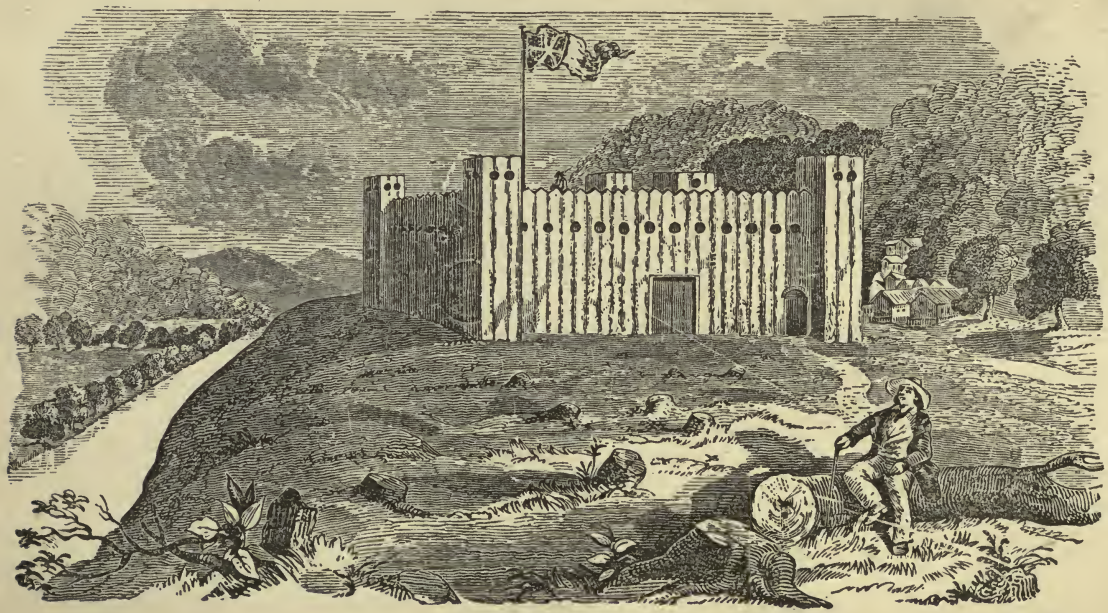
At a time of great danger from the incursions of the Indians in Virginia, when the citizens of the neighborhood were in a fort at Clarksburg, Hughs one morning observed a lad very intently fixing his gun. "Jim," said he, "what are you doing that for?" "I am going to shoot a turkey that I hear gobbling on the hillside," said Jim. "I hear no turkey," said Hughs. "Listen," says Jim; "there, didn't you hear it? listen again." "Well," says Hughs, after hearing it repeated, "I'll go and kill it." "No you won't," says Jim, "it is my turkey; I heard it first." "Well," says Hughs, "but you know I am the best marksman; and besides, I don't want the turkey, you may have it." The lad then agreed to let Hughs go and kill it for him.

Hughs went out of the fort on the side that was farthest from the supposed turkey, and taking along the river, went up a ravine and came in on the rear; and, as he expected, he espied an Indian sitting on a chestnut stump, surrounded by sprouts, gobbling, and watching to see if any one would come from the fort to kill the turkey. Hughs crept up behind him, and shot him, before the Indian knew of his approach, He took off the scalp and went into the fort, where Jim was waiting for his prize. "There, now," says Jim, "you have let the turkey go. I would have killed it, if I had gone." "No," says Hughs, "I didn't let it go;" and taking out the scalp, threw it down. "There, take your turkey, Jim, I don't want it." The lad was overcome, and nearly fainted, to think of the certain death he had escaped, purely by the keen perception and good management of Mr. Hughs.

Major Samuel McCulloch.

We presume there are but few, if any, among our readers who are not familiar with the exploit of Putnam, in riding his horse down the steep declivity at Horseneck, in the endeavor to escape from the British troops. It is "famed in story;" has been illustrated time and again by the pen and pencil; has been dramatized, and, in every conceivable form, presented to the public eye, until the merest schoolboy is as familiar with the incident as with his alphabet. Yet it is by no means comparable with feats of a similar character, performed by men of less notoriety, but of equal strong nerve and desperate courage, which have not attracted a tithe of the admiration and eclat which have been vouchsafed to Putnam's exploit.

At the siege of Fort Henry, near Wheeling, by a band of Indians, under the infamous Simon Girty, Major Samuel



13 FORT HENRY (15)

McCulloch performed an act of daring—nay, desperate horsemanship—which has seldom, if ever, been equaled by man or beast, and before which the effort of the Pomfret hero pales into insignificance. Let us turn to the record.

Fort Henry, situated about a quarter of a mile above Wheeling creek, on the left bank of the Ohio river, was erected to protect the settlers of the little village of Wheeling, which, at the time of its investment, consisted of about twenty-five cabins. In the month of September, 1775, it was invested by about four hundred warriors, on the approach of whom the settlers had fled into it, leaving their cabins and their contents to the torch of the savages. The whole force comprising the garrison consisted of forty-two fighting men all told: but there were among them men who knew the use of the rifle, and who were celebrated throughout the borders as the implacable enemies of the red man, and as the best marksmen in the world. Of these,

however, more than one-half perished in an ill-advised sortie before the siege commenced, and when the fort was surrounded by the foe, but sixteen men remained to defend it against their overwhelming numbers.—But their mothers, wives and daughters were there, and nerved the Spartan band to deeds of heroism to which the records of the wars of ancient and modern history present no parallel. Here it was that Elizabeth Zane passed through the fire of the whole body of redskins in the effort to bring into the fort the ammunition so necessary to its defence;—here it was, also, that the wives and daughters of its noble defenders marched to a spring in point blank range of the ambuscaded Indians, in going to and fro, for the purpose of bringing water for the garrison.

Messengers had been dispatched, at the earliest alarm, to the neighboring settlements for succor, and, in response to the call, Captain Van Swearingen, with fourteen men, arrived from Cross Creek,

and fought his way into the fort without the loss of a man. Soon afterwards, a party of forty horsemen, led by the brave and intrepid McCulloch, were seen approaching, and endeavoring to force their way through the dense masses of Indians which nearly surrounded the station. Their friends within the fort made every preparation to receive them. by opening the gates, and organizing a sortie to cover their attempt. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, in which they made several of the Indians bite the dust, they broke through the lines, and entered the fort in triumph, without the loss of an individual. All, except their daring leader, succeeded in the effort. He was cut off, and forced to fly in an opposite direction. McCulloch was as well known to the Indians as to the whites for his deeds of prowess, and his name was associated in their minds with some of the most bloody fights in which the white and red men had contended. To secure him alive, therefore, that they

might glut their vengeance upon him, was the earnest desire of the Indians, and to this end they put forth the most superhuman exertions. There were very few among their number who had not lost a relative by the unerring aim and skill of the fearless woodsman, and they cherished towards him an almost frenzied hatred, which could only be satisfied in his tortures at the stake.

With such feelings and incentives, they crowded around him as he dashed forward in the rear of his men, and succeeded in cutting him off from the gate. Finding himself unable, after the most strenuous exertions, to accomplish his entrance, and seeing the uselessness of a conflict with such a force opposed to him, he suddenly wheeled his horse and fled in the direction of Wheeling Hill at his utmost speed. A cloud of warriors started up at his approach, and cut off his retreat in this direction, driving him back upon another party who blocked up the path behind; while a third closed in upon him on one

M'CULLOCH'S DARING LEAP. (151)

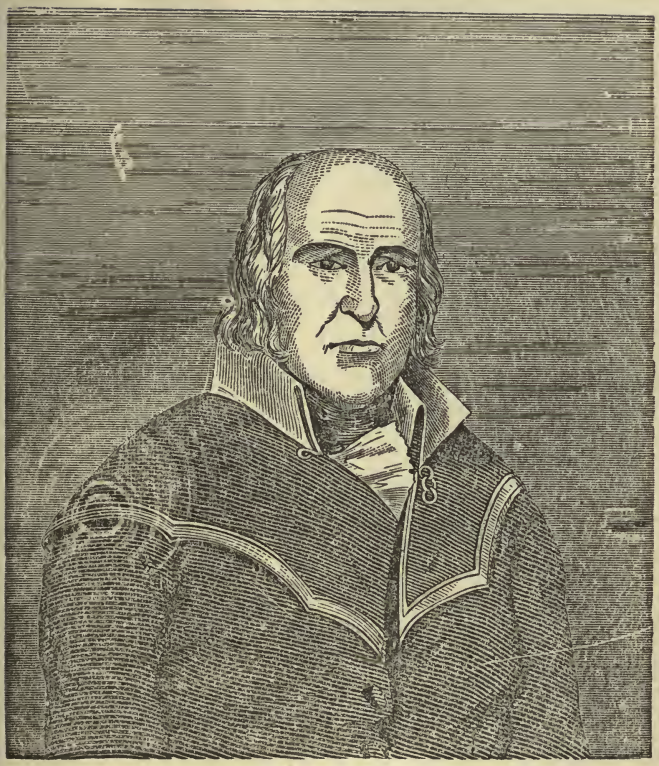
of the other sides of the square. The fourth and open side was in the direction of the brow of a precipitous ledge of rocks, nearly one hundred and fifty feet in height, at the foot of which flowed the waters of Wheeling Creek. As he momentarily halted and took a rapid survey of the dangers which surrounded him on all sides, he felt that his chance was indeed a desperate one. The Indians had not fired a shot, and he well knew what this portended, as they could easily have killed him had they chosen to do so. He appreciated the feeling of hatred felt towards him by the foe, and saw at a glance the intention to take him alive if possible, that his ashes might be offered up as a sacrifice to the manes of their friends slain by his hand. This was to die a thousand deaths, in preference to which he determined to run the risk of being dashed in pieces; and he struck his heels against the sides of his steed, who sprang forward toward the precipice. The encircling warriors had rapidly

lessened the space between them and their intended victim, and, as they saw him so completely within their toils, raised a yell of triumph, little dreaming of the fearful energy which was to baffle their expectations. As they saw him push his horse in the direction of the precipice, which they had supposed an unsurmountable obstacle to his escape, they stood in wonder and amazement, scarcely believing that it could be his intention to attempt the awful leap, which was, to all appearances, certain death. McCulloch still bore his rifle, which he had retained, in his right hand, and carefully gathering up the bridle in his left, he urged his noble animal forward, encouraging him by his voice, until they reached the edge of the bank, when, dashing his heels against his sides, they made the fearful leap into the air. Down, down they went with fearful velocity, without resistance or impediment until one-half the space was passed over, when the horse's feet struck the smooth

precipitous face of the rock, and the remainder of the distance was slid and scrambled over until they reached the bottom alive and uninjured. With a shout which proclaimed his triumphant success to his foe above him, McCulloch pushed his steed into the stream, and in a few moments horse and rider were seen surmounting the banks on the opposite side.

No pursuit was attempted, nor was a shot fired at the intrepid rider. His enemies stood in awe-struck silence upon the brow of the bank from whence he had leaped, and, as he disappeared from their view, they returned to the investment of the fort. They did not long continue their unavailing efforts, however, for its capture; the numerous additions it had received to its garrison; the fearlessness exhibited in its defence, together with the feat they had witnessed, disheartened them, and they beat a hasty retreat on the morning after the event I have attempted to describe—not however, until

they had reduced to ashes the cabins without the stockade, and slaughtered some three hundred head of cattle belonging to the settlers.



GENERAL CLARKE.

General George Rogers Clarke.

Among the pioneers of the West, not one is more conspicuous for his public services than General George Rogers Clarke. The following specimens of his actions form but a small portion of what he did for the West. We quote now from the Early History of Western Pennsylvania and of the West.

One of the most extraordinary expeditions, during the war of the revolution, was that of Colonel Rogers Clarke, in 1778, against Kaskaskia and Vincennes, then in possession of the British. These places supplied the Indians with munitions war, and enabled them to harass the frontier settlements of Virgina, now the State of Kentucky. The capture of these posts was deemed so important, that the Legislature of Virginia voted to raise a regiment of State troops for the purpose.

The command was given to Colonel Clarke, who planned the expedition, and possessed great courage, uncommon energy of character and capacity for Indian warfare. He was a man of extraordinary talents, and possessed a military genius, which enabled him to plan with consummate wisdom, and to execute his designs with decision and promptitude.

Having visited the western settlements the preceding year, he was satisfied, that in order to curb the Indians effectually, it was necessary to strike at the powerful,

though distant allies, by whom they were encouraged and supported. His great mind readily comprehended the situation of the country; he made himself acquainted with the topography of the whole region, as far as it was then known; with the localities of the enemy's posts, and the strength of their forces.

His representations induced the Legislature of Virginia to enter with vigor into his plan, and such was the confidence he inspired into the public mind, that a regiment consisting of nearly three hundred men, were raised without delay, and placed under his command. He was duly authorized to act against the British posts on the Mississippi and the Wabash; yet the object of the expedition was kept a profound secret.

With this force, he left Virginia, crossed the mountains to the Monongahela, embarked in boats, and descended to the Falls of the Ohio, where he was joined by some volunteers from Kentucky, then western Virginia. At this place he left thirteen

families, who had descended the Ohio with him for the purpose of making a per-

THE MARCH THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

manent settlement in that country. No such settlement had yet been made at the Falls, where Louisville now stands; and so exposed was the situation, that they

built their first houses on the island in the river.

Having halted a few days to refresh his men, he proceeded down the Ohio, to a point about sixty miles above its mouth, where he landed and hid his boats to prevent their discovery by the Indians. He was now distant from Kaskaskia, about one hundred and thirty miles, and the intervening country must have been, at that period when in a state of nature, almost impassable. His route led through a low, flat region, intersected by numerous streams and ponds of water, and entirely covered with a most luxuriant vegetation, which must have greatly impeded the march of the troops.

Through this dreary region, the intrepid leader marched on foot, at the head of his gallant band, with his rifle on his shoulder, and his provisions upon his back. After wading through ponds, which could not be avoided, crossing creeks by such methods as could hastily be adopted, and sustaining two days march after the pro-

visions had been exhausted, he arrived in the night before the town of Kaskaskia. Having halted and formed his regiment, he consulted his officers, and made a brief speech to his men, containing only the pithy sentiment, that "the town was to be taken at all events," when he led them direct to the attack.

The town contained about two hundred and fifty houses, and was sufficiently fortified to have resisted a much more formidable army, had the garrison been apprised of its approach. But the distance from any known foe, having excluded all apprehension of danger, confidence superceded all precautions against surprise. The approaches of Colonel Clarke had been so silent, and rapid, that the assault gave the first intelligence of his arrival. Not a scattering hunter had espied his march; not a roving Indian had seen his trail; the watchman was sleeping in fancied security; the inhabitants of the town were resting from their labors, and the garrison of the fort was not alarmed, until

the citadel was taken, and the flag of stars and stripes was proudly waving upon its battlements.

The astonishment and mortification of the vanquished, were equal to their negligence. Colonel Clarke, required the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and the fort at Kaskaskia, became his head-quarters. The right of property was not molested, and no pillage was permitted or attempted; on the contrary the humane and friendly treatment of the people, and the security afforded to their persons and property effected a speedy reconciliation to the new order of things. The utmost care was taken that none should escape to spread the news, while detachments were sent out that captured the open settlements and villages in the vicinity, without the least resistance. In the meantime, a portion of the army mounted on the horses of the country, left Kaskaskia for the purpose of taking by surprise the villages higher up the Mississippi. These

all fell into the hands of the invaders by an unresisted and easy conquest. Thus fell the power of Great Britain, upon the banks of the Mississippi; and this fertile and extensive valley, which will one day be the centre of population of this great Republic passed from under her authority forever.

The success of this expedition had the happiest effect upon the Indians. Struck with fear and astonishment on seeing a victorious enemy in the country, without knowing whence, or how they came, they fled to their hiding places in the wilderness, or to their distant towns for safety; or else repaired to Vincennes, a post on the Wabash, still in the possession of the British, for protection.

This bold and brilliant military achievement of Colonel Clarke, was succeeded by one still bolder, more difficult, and quite as successful. Kaskaskia was not very strongly fortified; and no attack in so remote a spot could reasonably be apprehended. But Vincennes, situated

in nearly a direct line between Kaskaskia and the falls of the Ohio, distant one hundred and sixty miles from the former place and two hundred miles from the latter, had been considered within the reach of an attack from the American settlements, and was strongly fortified.

It was well garrisoned with British troops, commanded by Governor Hamilton, in person, an experienced officer, who was quickly apprized of the capture of the forts on the Mississippi, in his rear, and prepared to expect an attack from Colonel Clarke, at the head of his victorious troops. His regular force, was greatly superior to that of the American commander, both in numbers and equipment and in addition he had under his command six hundred Indian warriors.

With this force Governor Hamilton determined to retake Kaskaskia, and regain the posts on the Mississippi. But Colonel Clarke sent a party to reconnoitre Governor Hamilton's position, and make observations. The intelligence received

AN INDIAN CHIEF.

from the detachment on its return determined him immediately to attempt to take Vincennes, as the best means of

defending himself, notwithstanding its strength and the force stationed for its defence. In the meantime, he took measures to strengthen the defences of Kaskaskia, and resolved to maintain the possession at all hazards.

While he was digesting the plan of his future operations, he received undoubted information, from a Spanish merchant, who had recently left Vincennes, that Governor Hamilton, reposing on the security which the superiority of his force afforded, contemplated leisurely, the execution of his projects. These were, in the first place, to retake Kaskaskia; in the next, to cut off the inhabitants residing upon the Ohio, up to fort Pitt; after which he intended to desolate the remaining frontiers of Virgina.

In addition to these projects, arrangements were made to destroy the frontier settlements of New York and Pennsylvania, by a combined force of British troops, and Indians of the northern tribes. He also learned from the same source,

that the approach of winter, had induced a postponement of the campaign till the opening of the next spring—and that in the meantime, the Governor, to keep his Indian auxiliaries employed, had sent them to obstruct the passage of the Ohio, and to harass the frontiers of Western Virginia, while the regular soldiers were kept in garrison under his immediate command.

Colonel Clarke, at once perceived that his own situation was most critical. He was too remote from the Atlantic border, to receive any assistance from that quarter; and the western settlements were invaded by the savages. He knew that his force was too weak, to maintain his present position against the British army under Governor Hamilton, supported by the whole body of Indian warriors, from the Lakes to the Mississippi, by whom he was to be attacked on the return of spring.

In this emergency what was to be done? The Indians were now ravaging the fron

tiers, and Governor Hamilton and the British troops were alone at Vincennes. He instantly determined to capture Vincennes or perish in the attempt. The resolve had been made,—the blow was now to be struck—and although the winter had now set in, no time was to be lost as the Indians might return, and the British commander might awake from his dream of security.

He then fitted up a small galley which lay in the Mississippi for defensive purposes, and put on board a large quantity of provisions. This vessel was armed with a few pieces of cannon, manned by a company of soldiers, and the captain ordered to proceed down the river, to the mouth of the Ohio, and then to ascend it to the mouth of the Wabash. Here he was directed to disregard every difficulty, and force his vessel up that stream, and take station a few miles below Vincennes; and then to permit nothing to pass him.

Having completed his arrangements and disregarding the inclemency of winter,

he commenced his march, at the head of only one hundred and thirty men, to surprise and capture Vincennes. To effect this, it was necessary to pass one hundred and sixty miles through a trackless uninhabited country, whose fertile soil and light spongy loam, saturated with water, afforded no firm footing to the steps of the soldiery; and to cross the Kaskaskia, the Little Wabash, the Embarras, and the Great Wabash rivers, besides a number of their tributaries, all of which were swollen, and margined by wide belts of inundated land. But the undaunted leader pressed on,—without wagons, without tents,—with only such provisions and ammunition as could be carried on the backs of a few pack horses, and the shoulders of the men,—toiling by day through mud and water, and sleeping at night upon the wet ground.

Upon reaching the waters of the Great Wabash, our adventurous troops beheld before them an obstacle which must have daunted the hearts of warriors, less reso-

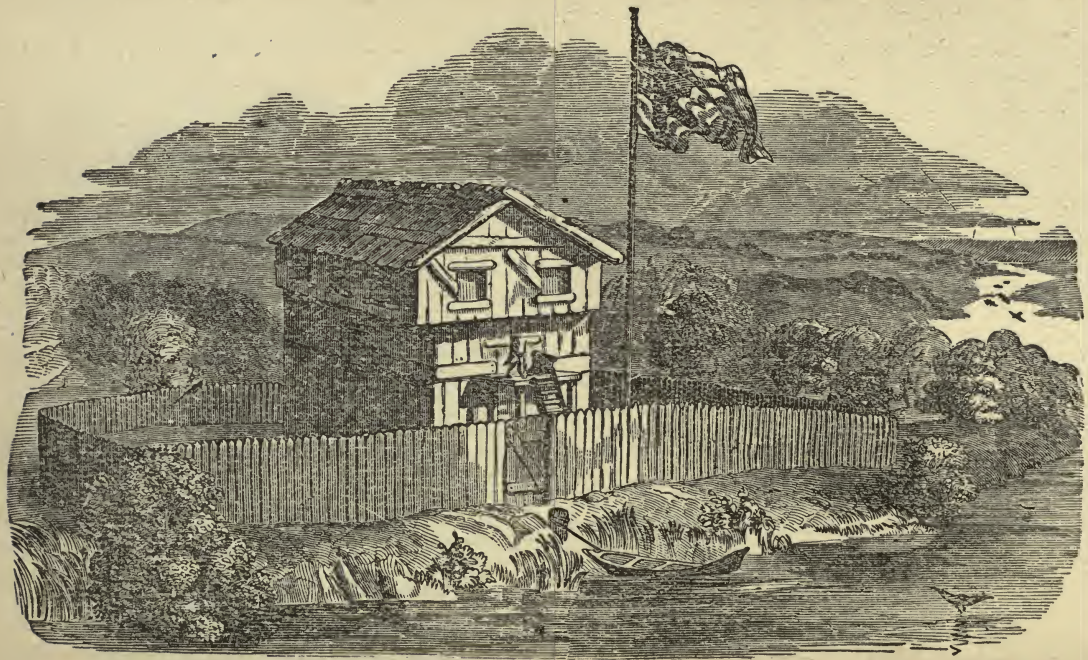
lutely determined than themselves, upon the successful achievement of their enterprise. On the eastern bank of the river stood the British fort, on a high shore, swept by the foaming current of a great river. On the western side was a tract of low alluvial land, five miles in width, entirely inundated. The whole expanse of water to be crossed, was nearly six miles in width—first, the marshy flats, in whose treacherous quick-sands, at this day, the horse has been seen to sink under his rider, and become instantly buried in the mire; at that time covered with water too deep in some places to be forded, and too shallow in others to admit of navigation by boats, and impeded throughout by growing timber, floating logs, or tangled brushwood,—and then, the swift, powerful current of the river.

Colonel Clarke was laboriously employed for sixteen days, in effecting the march from Kaskaskia to Vincennes; five of which were spent in passing the wilderness of water just described, through which he

meandered in such a manner, as to conceal his forces from the enemy, by avoiding the prairie, and keeping as much as possible under cover of the timber—wading, sometimes breast-deep, sometimes proceeding upon rafts and canoes, and at last, crossing the river in the night, and presenting himself suddenly before the town, which was completely surprised.

Here the American comander performed a manœuvre, which shows that he was prudent as well as daring; that while he had the bravery and courage to attempt the most desperate enterprises, he was fertile in expedients, and cautious in availing himself of any incidental advantage which might be presented. As he approached the town, over the wide beautiful prairie on which it stands, and at the moment when his troops were discovered by the enemy, he found himself near a small circular eminence, which concealed a part of his force from the observation of the foe.

Under this cover he counter-marched



A BORDER FORT, OR BLOCK-HOUSE.

his column in so skilful a manner, that the leading files, which had been seen from the town, were transferred, undiscovered to the rear, and made to pass again and again in sight of the enemy, until all his men had been displayed several times, and his little detachment of jaded troops was made to assume the appearance of a long column, greatly superior in number to its actual force. He then promptly summoned the garrison to surrender. Governor Hamilton after a brief defence struck his flag, and the gallant Clarke found himself master of an important fortified post, whose garrison, now prisoners of war, consisted of a well appointed body of British soldiers, twice as numerous as his own followers.

These brilliant exploits had an important bearing upon the interests of the West, both direct and consequential. They gave for the moment safety and repose to the harassed inhabitants of the border settlements, and struck with terror the whole savage population of the wide

region through which he passed. They deranged an extensive plan of operation on the part of the enemy, the design of which was to drive every white inhabitant out of the valley of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and destroy their dwellings, by pouring in a combined Indian force along the whole line of the frontier. They detached many tribes from the British interest, who had long acted under the control of that power.—They hastened, if they did not contribute to produce, the most important event connected with the history of the West,—the acquisition of Louisiana. The limits of the United States were now extended to the Mississippi, never more to be circumscribed; and Virginia, claiming the conquered country, in right of her charter, as well as of the conquest by her own arms, proceeded at once to incorporate it into a new county, which was called Illinois.

One of the direct consequences of these achievements, was the founding of Louisville, in the State of Kentucky. The

families which had been left by Colonel Clarke at the Falls of the Ohio, when on his way to Kaskaskia, dared not remove from the island on which they landed, so long as Vincennes was occupied by British troops, and their savage allies. The conquest of this place was, therefore, to them the mandate of liberation from their insular position, and an invitation to remove to the Kentucky shore. Hence the origin of the settlement on the site of Louisville. Colonel Clarke afterwards established his head-quarters here.

The Whetzels.

Of the Whetzels there were four brothers. Their names were Martin, Lewis, Jacob, and John. Their father was a German, and was one of the first white men who settled near Wheeling, in Virginia. Old Mr. Whetzel, although it

LOG HOUSE ON THE FRONTIER.

was in the hottest time of the Indian war, was so rash as to build a cabin some distance from the fort, and move his family into it. How long he lived there before the fatal tragedy occurred, is not remembered. One day, in the midst of summer, (Martin, his eldest son, being out hunting, and John having been sent on some errand to the fort,) a numerous party of Indians surrounded the house, rushed in, and killed, tomahawked and scalped old Mr. Whetzel, his wife, and all his small children. Lewis and Jacob, being smart, active boys were spared, and made prisoners. When the pirates gave Cæsar his liberty for a small ransom, they little knew the value of their prisoner. Could the Indians have had a prescience of the sad havoc these two youths would have made on their race, instead of carrying them off prisoners they would have carried their scalps to their towns. It is happy for us that God has veiled from us the future.

The following account of the escape of the Whetzels from captivity, is taken

from "Doddridge's Notes:" "When about thirteen years of age, Lewis was taken prisoner by the Indians, together with his brother Jacob, about eleven years old. Before he was taken he received a slight wound in the breast from a bullet, which carried off a small piece of the breast-bone. The second night after they were taken, the Indians encamped at the Big Lick, twenty miles from the river on the waters of McMahon's Creek. The boy was not confined. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Lewis whispered to his brother Jacob that he must get up and go back home with him. When they had got about one hundred yards from the camp, they sat down on a log. 'Well,' said Lewis, 'we can't go home barefooted; I will go back and get a pair of moccasons for each of us;' and accordingly did so, and returned. After sitting a little longer, 'Now, said he, 'I will go back and get father a gun, and then we will start.' This was effected. They had not travelled far on the trail by which

16* ADVENTURE OF LEWIS WHETZEL. (185)

they came before they heard the Indians after them. It was a moonlight night. When the Indians came pretty nigh them they stepped aside into the bushes, and let them pass; then fell into the rear and travelled on. On the return of the Indians they did the same.—They were then pursued by two Indians on horseback, whom they dodged in the same way. The next day they reached Wheeling in safety, crossing the river on a raft of their own making. By this time Lewis had become almost spent from his wound."

After their return from captivity, and these lads began to grow to be men, (and the boys on the frontier, at a very early age, at least as soon as they could handle a gun, considered themselves men,) they took a solemn oath that they would never make peace nor truce with the Indians, whilst they had strength to wield a tomahawk, or sight to draw a bead; and they were as true to their oaths as was the illustrious and far-famed hero of Carthage. "These warriors esteemed the duty of

revenge as the most precious and sacred portion of their inheritance." The blood of their murdered and mangled parents, and infant brothers and sisters, was always present to their minds, and strung their sinews to activity, and whetted their souls to the highest pitch of resolution to bathe their hands in the blood of their enemies.

"The following narrative goes to show how much may be effected, by the skill, bravery, and physical activity of a single individual, in the partizan warfare carried on against the Indians, on the western frontier. Lewis Whetzel's education, like that of his cotemporaries, was that of the hunter and warrior. When a boy, he adopted the practice of loading and firing his rifle as he ran. This was a means of making him so destructive to the Indians afterwards.

"In the year 1783, after Crawford's defeat, Lewis Whetzel went with Thomas Mills, who had been in the campaign, to get a horse which he had left near the

place where St. Clairsville now stands. At the Indian Spring, two miles above St. Clairsville, on the Wheeling road, they were met by about forty Indians, who were in pursuit of the stragglers from the campaign.

"The Indians and the white men discovered each other about the same time. Lewis fired first; and killed an Indian; the fire from the Indians wounded Mr Mills, and he was soon overtaken and killed. Four of the Indians then singled out, dropped their guns, and pursued Whetzel. Whetzel loaded his rifle as he ran.

"After running about half a mile, one of the Indians having got within eight or ten steps of him, Whetzel wheeled round and shot him down, ran on, and loaded as before.—After going about three-quarters of a mile further, a second Indian came so close to him, that when he turned to fire, the Indian caught the muzzle of his gun, and as he expressed it, he and the Indian had a severe wringing for it; he

succeeded, however, in bringing the muzzle to the Indian's breast, and killed him on the spot.

"By this time he, as well as the Indians, were pretty well tired; the pursuit was continued by the two remaining Indians. Whetzel, as before, loaded his gun, and stopped several times during the latter chase.—When he did so the Indians treed themselves.

"After going something more than a mile, Whetzel took the advantage of a little open piece of ground, over which the Indians were passing, a short distance behind him to make a sudden stop for the purpose of shooting the foremost, who got behind a little sapling, which was too small to cover his body. Whetzel shot, and broke his thigh; the wound, in the issue, proved fatal.

"The last man of the Indians then gave a little yell, and said, 'No catch dat man —gun always loaded,' and gave up the chase; glad, no doubt, to get off with his life. This was a frightful and well man-

aged fight. It is said that Lewis Whetzel, in the course of the Indian wars in this part of the country, (Wheeling,) killed twenty-seven Indians; besides a number more along the frontier settlements of Kentucky."

Martin Whetzel.

In the year 1780, an expedition was set on foot, to proceed against and destroy the Indian towns situated on the Coshhocton, a branch of the Muskingum river. The place of rendezvous for the troops was Wheeling. The command of the expedition was conferred on Colonel Broadhead, a soldier of some distinction in those days. Martin Whetzel was a volunteer in this campaign. The officers of the frontier armies were only nominally such; every soldier acted as seemed right in his own

judgment. This little army, of four hundred men went forward rapidly, in order to fall upon the Indian towns by surprise. They were secretly and actively pushed forward, till they surrounded one of their towns before the enemy was apprised of their danger. "Every man, woman and child were made prisoners, without the firing of a gun."

"Among the prisoners were sixteen warriors. A little after dark a council of war was held, to determine on the fate of the warriors in custody. They were doomed to death, and by the order of the commander were bound, taken a little distance below the town, and dispatched with tomahawks and spears, and then scalped." In this work of death, Martin Whetzel, with a kind of fiendish pleasure, sunk his tomahawk into the heads of the unresisting Indians.

"Early the next morning, an Indian presented himself on the opposite bank of the river and asked for the 'Big Captain.' Colonel Broadhead presented him-

self, and asked the Indian what he wanted? To which he replied, 'I want peace.' 'Send over some of your chiefs,' said Broadhead. 'May be you kill,' said the Indian. He was answered, 'They shall not be killed.' One of the chiefs, a well-looking man, came over the river, and entered into conversation with the commander in the street; but while engaged in conversation, Martin Whetzel came up behind him with a tomahawk concealed in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, and struck him on the back of the head. The poor Indian fell, and immediately expired." This act of perfidy and reckless revenge, the commander had no power, if he had the disposition, to punish, as probably two-thirds of the army approved the vindictive deed.

"The next day the army commenced its retreat from Coshocton. Colonel Broadhead committed the prisoners to the militia. They were about twenty in number.—After they had marched about half a mile, the men commenced killing them."

INDIAN PRISONER. (125)

Martin Whetzel's tomahawk upon this occasion was crimsoned with the blood and brains of the unresisting Indians. Such was the indomitable spirit of revenge for the murder of his parents and infant brothers and sisters, that no place nor circumstance was sacred enough to preserve the life of an Indian, when within his vindictive grasp. "In a short time they were all dispatched, except a few women and children, who were spared and taken to Fort Pitt, and after some time exchanged for an equal number of their prisoners."

Some years after the foregoing action took place, Martin Whetzel was surprised and taken prisoner by the Indians, and remained with them a considerable length of time; till, by his cheerful disposition, and apparent satisfaction with their mode and manner of life, he disarmed their suspicion, acquired their confidence, and was adopted into one of their families. How much his duplicity overreached the credulity of those sons of the forest, the

sequel will show. He was free, he hunted around the town, returned, danced, and frolicked with the young Indians, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his change of life.

But all this time, although he showed a cheerful face, his heart was brooding on an escape, which he wished to render memorable by some tragic act of revenge upon his confiding enemies. In the fall of the year, Martin and three Indians set off to make a fall hunt. They pitched their camp near the head of Sandusky river. When the hunt commenced, he was very careful to return first in the evening to the camp, prepare wood for the night, and do all other little offices of camp duty to render them comfortable. By this means he lulled any lurking suspicion which they might entertain towards him.

While hunting one evening, some distance from the camp, he came across one of his Indian camp-mates. The Indian not being aware that revenge

was rampant in Whetzel's heart, was not the least alarmed at the approach of his friend, the white man. Martin watched

INDIAN WARRIOR.

for a favorable moment, and as the Indian's attention was called in a different direction, he shot him down, scalped him.

and threw his body into a deep hole, which had been made by a large tree torn up by the roots, and covered his body with logs and brush, over which he strewed leaves to conceal the body. He then hurried to the camp to prepare, as usual, wood for the night.

When night came, one of the Indians was missing, and Martin expressed great concern on account of the absence of their comrade. The other Indians did not appear to be the least concerned at the absence of their companion; they all alleged that he might have taken a large circle, looking for new hunting ground, or that he might have pursued some wounded game till it was too late to return to camp.

In this mood the subject was dismissed for the night; they ate their supper, and lay down to sleep. Martin's mind was so full of the thoughts of home, and of taking signal vengeance on his enemies, that he could not sleep; he had gone too far to retreat, and whatever he did must be done quickly.

Being now determined to effect his escape at all hazards, the question he had to decide was, whether he should make an attack on the two sleeping Indians, or watch for a favorable opportunity of dispatching them one at a time. The latter plan appeared to him to be less subject to risk or failure.

The next morning he prepared to put his determination into execution.—When the two Indians set out on their hunt the next morning, he determined to follow one of them (like a true hunting dog on a slow trail,) till a fair opportunity should present itself of dispatching him without alarming his fellow. He cautiously pursued him till near evening, when he openly walked up to him and commenced a conversation about their day's hunt.

The Indian being completely off his guard, suspecting no danger, Martin watched for a favorable moment when the Indian's attention was drawn to a different direction, and with one sweep of his vengeful tomahawk laid him dead on the

ground, scalped him, tumbled his body into a sink-hole, and covered it with brush and logs; and then made his way for the camp, with a firm determination of closing the bloody tragedy by killing the third Indian. He went out, and composedly waited at the camp for the return of the Indian.

About sunset he saw him coming with a load of game that he had killed swung on his back. Martin went forward under the pretence of aiding to disencumber him of his load. When the Indian stooped down to be detached of his load, Martin with one fell swoop of his tomahawk, laid him in death's eternal sleep. Being now in no danger of pursuit, he leisurely packed up what plunder he could conveniently carry with him, and made his way for the white settlements, where he safely arrived with the three Indian scalps, after an absence of nearly a year.

The frontier men of that day could not anticipate any end to the Indian war, till one of the parties should be exterminated.

Martin Whetzel's conduct upon this, as well as on every similar occasion, met with the decided approbation of his countrymen. Successful military achievements, which displayed unusual boldness and intrepidity in the execution, not only met the approbation of the men, but also, what was more grateful and soul-cheering to the soldier's feelings after returning from a successful Indian tour, he was sure of receiving the animating smiles of the fair sex. The soldier's arm was considered the life-guard of the country, and such indeed were the Whetzel's in an eminent degree.

John Whetzel.

In the year 1791 or '92 the Indians having made frequent incursions into the settlements, along the river Ohio, between Wheeling and the Mingo Bottom, sometimes killing or capturing whole families;

at other times stealing all the horses belonging to a station or fort, a company consisting of seven men, rendezvoused at a place called the Beech Bottom, on the Ohio river, a few miles below where Wellsburg has been erected.

This company were John Whetzel, William M'Cullough, John Hough, Thomas Biggs, Joseph Hedges, Kinzie Dickerson and a Mr. Linn. Their avowed object was to go to the Indian town to steal horses. This was then considered a legal, honorable business, as we were then at open war with the Indians. It would only be retaliating upon them in their own way.

These seven men were all trained to Indian warfare, and a life in the woods, from their youth. Perhaps the western frontier at no time could furnish seven men whose souls were better fitted, and whose nerves and sinews were better strung to perform any enterprise which required resolution and firmness.

They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded

with cautious steps, and vigilant glances on their way through the cheerless, dark, almost impenetrable forest, in the Indian country, till they came to an Indian town, near where the head waters of the Sandusky and Muskingum rivers interlock. Here they made a fine haul, and set off homeward with about fifteen horses. They travelled rapidly, only making a short halt, to let their horses graze, and breathe a short time to recruit their strength and activity

In the evening of the second day of their rapid retreat, they arrived at Wells Creek, not far from where the town of Cambridge has been since erected. Here Mr. Linn was taken violently sick, and they must stop their march, or leave him alone to perish in the dark and lonely woods. Our frontier men, notwithstanding their rough and unpolished manners, had too much of my Uncle Toby's "sympathy for suffering humanity," to forsake a comrade in distress. They halted, and placed sentinels on their back trail, who

remained there till late in the night, without seeing any signs of being pursued.

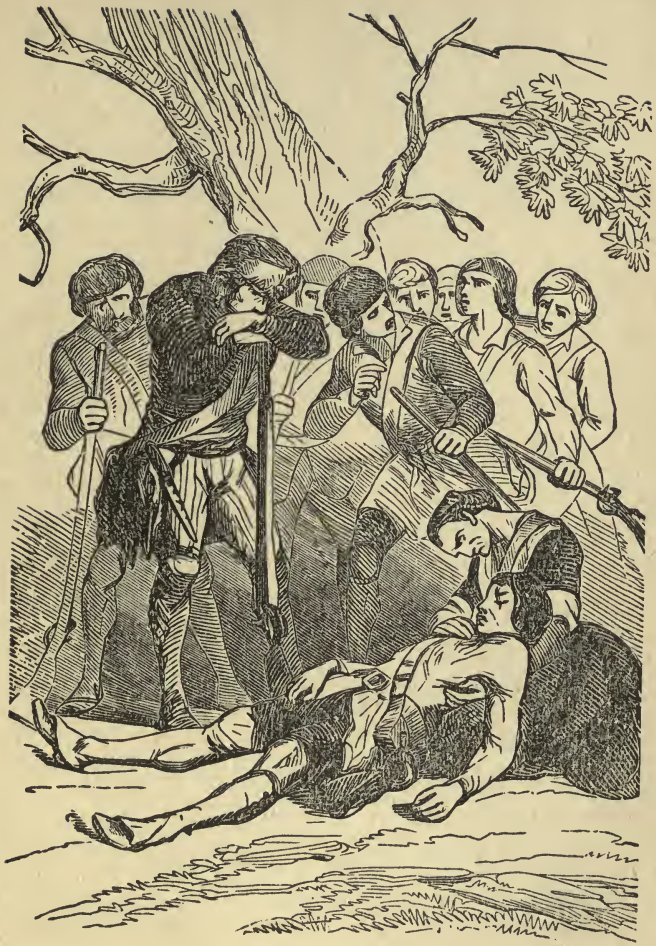
The sentinels on the back trail returned to the camp, Mr. Linn still lying in excruciating pain. All the simple remedies in their power were administered to the sick man, without producing any effect. Being late in the night, they all lay down to rest, except one who was placed as guard. Their camp was on the bank of a small branch.

Just before day-break, the guard took a small bucket, and dipped some water out of the stream; on carrying it to the fire he discovered the water to be muddy. The muddy water waked his suspicion that the enemy might be approaching them, and were walking down the stream as their footsteps would be noiseless in the water. He waked his companions, and communicated his suspicion. They arose, examined the branch a little distance, and listened attentively for some time; but neither saw nor heard anything, and then concluded it must have been racoons, or

some other animals, paddling in the stream.

After this conclusion the company all lay down to rest, except the sentinel, who was stationed just outside of the light. Happily for them the fire had burned down, and only a few coals afforded a dim light to point out where they lay. The enemy had come silently down the creek, as the sentinel suspected, to within ten or twelve feet of the place where they lay, and fired several guns over the bank. Mr. Linn, the sick man, was lying with his side towards the bank, and received nearly all the balls which were at first fired. The Indians then, with tremendous yells, mounted the bank with loaded rifles, war-clubs, and tomahawks, rushed upon our men, who fled barefooted, and without arms.

Mr. Linn, Thomas Biggs, and Joseph Hedges were killed in and near the camp. William M'Cullough had run but a short distance when he was fired at by the enemy. At the instant the firing was



THE FINDING OF THE DEAD. (209)

given, he jumped into a quagmire and fell; the Indians supposing that they had killed him, ran past in pursuit of others.—He soon extricated himself out of the mire, and so made his escape. He fell in with John Hough, and came into Wheeling.

John Whetzel and Kinzie Dickerson met in their retreat, and returned togther. Those who made their escape were without arms, without clothing or provision. Their sufferings were great; but this they bore with stoical indifference, as it was the fortune of war. Whether the Indians who defeated our heroes followed in pursuit from their towns, or were a party of warriors, who accidentally happened to fall in with them, has never been ascertained.

From the place they had stolen the horses, they had travelled two nights and almost two entire days, without halting, except just a few minutes at a time to let the horses graze. From the circumstances of their rapid retreat with the horses, it was supposed that no pursuit

could possibly have overtaken them, but that fate had decreed that this party of Indians should meet and defeat them.

As soon as the stragglers arrived at Wheeling, Captain John M'Cullough collected a party of men, and went to Wells Creek, and buried the unfortunate men who fell in and near the camp. The Indians had mangled the dead bodies at a most barbarous rate. Thus was closed the horse-stealing tragedy.

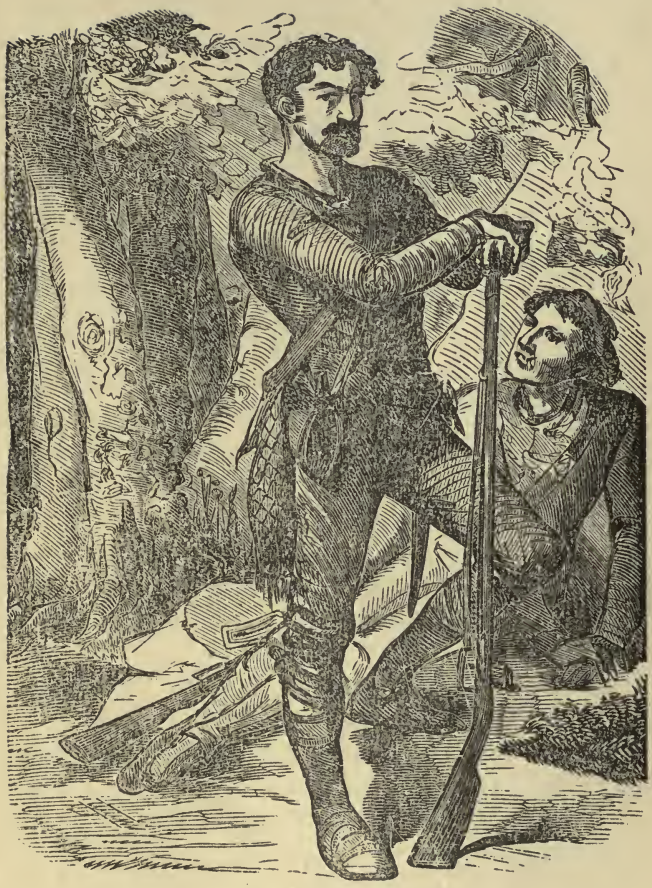
The Poes.

In the summer of 1782, a party of seven Wyandots made an incursion into a settlement some distance below Fort Pitt, and several miles from the Ohio river. Here finding an old man alone in a cabin, they killed him, packed up what plunder they could find, and commenced their retreat.

Amongst their party was a celebrated Wyandot chief, who, in addition to his fame as a warrior and counsellor, was, as to his size and strength, a real giant.

The news of the visit of the Indians soon spread through the neighborhood, and a party of eight good riflemen was collected in a few hours for the purpose of pursuing the Indians. In this party were two brothers of the names of Adam and Andrew Poe. They were both famous for courage, size, and activity. This little party commenced the pursuit of the Indians with a determination, if possible, not to suffer them to escape, as they usually did on such occasions, by making a speedy flight to the river, crossing it, and then dividing into small parties, to meet at a distant point in a given time.

The pursuit was continued the greater part of the night after the Indians had done the mischief. In the morning the party found themselves on the trail of the Indians, which led to the river. When arrived within a little distance of the



THE POES. (215)

river, Adam Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left the party, who followed directly on the trail, to creep along the brink of the river bank, under cover of the weeds and bushes, to fall on the rear of the Indians, should he find them in ambuscade. He had not gone far before he saw the Indian rafts at the water's edge. Not seeing any Indians, he stepped softly down the bank, with his rifle cocked.

When about half way down, he discovered the large Wyandot chief and a small Indian, within a few steps of him. They were standing with their guns cocked, and looking in the direction of our party, who by this time had gone some distance lower down the bottom. Poe took aim at the large chief, but his rifle missed fire. The Indians hearing the snap of the gunlock, instantly turned round and discovered Poe, who being too near them to retreat, dropped his gun, and sprang from the bank upon them, and seizing the large Indian by the clothes on his breast and at the same time

embracing the neck of the small one, threw them both down on the ground, himself being uppermost.

The small Indian soon extricated himself, ran to the raft, got his tomahawk, and attempted to dispatch Poe, the large Indian holding him fast in his arms with all his might, the better to enable his fellow to effect his purpose. Poe, however, so well watched the motions of his assailant, that, when in the act of aiming his blow at his head, by a vigorous and well-directed kick with one of his feet, he staggered the savage, and knocked the tomahawk out of his hand. This failure on the part of the small Indian, was reproved by an exclamation of contempt from the large one.

In a moment the Indian caught up his tomahawk again, approached more cautiously, brandishing his tomahawk, and making a number of feigned blows in defiance and derision. Poe, however, still on his guard, averted the real blow from his head, by throwing up his arm and

receiving it on his wrist, in which he was severely wounded; but not so as to lose entirely the use of his hand. In this perilous moment, Poe, by a violent effort, broke loose from the Indian, snatched up one of the Indians' guns and shot the small Indian through the breast, as he ran up a third time to tomahawk him.

The large Indian was now on his feet, and grasping Poe by a shoulder and leg, threw him down on the bank. Poe instantly disengaged himself, and got on his feet. The Indian then seized him again, and a new struggle ensued, which, owing to the slippery state of the bank, ended in the fall of both combatants into the water. In this situation it was the object of each to drown the other. Their efforts to effect their purpose were continued for some time with alternate success, sometimes one being under the water and sometimes the other.

Poe at length seized the tuft of hair on the scalp of the Indian, with which he

held his head under water, until he supposed him drowned. Relaxing his hold too soon, Poe instantly found his gigantic antagonist on his feet again, and ready for another combat. In this they were carried into the water beyond their depth. In this situation they were compelled to loose their hold on each other, and swim for mutual safety. Both sought the shore, to seize, a gun and end the contest with bullets. The Indian being the best swimmer, reached the land first. Poe seeing this, immediately turned back into the water, to escape, if possible, being shot, by diving. Fortunately, the Indian caught up the rifle with which Poe had killed the other warrior.

At this juncture, Andrew Poe, missing his brother from the party, and supposing from the report of the gun which he shot, that he was either killed or engaged in conflict with the Indians, hastened to the spot. On seeing him, Adam called out to him to "kill the big Indian on shore." But Andrew's gun, like that of the Indian's,

ADAM POE'S ADVENTURE WITH TWO INDIANS. (221)

was empty. The contest was now between the white and the Indian, who should load and fire first. Very fortunately for Poe, the Indian in loading drew the ramrod from the thimbles of the stock of the gun with so much violence that it slipped out of his hand, and fell a little distance from him. He quickly caught it up and rammed down his bullet. This little delay gave Poe the advantage. He shot the Indian as he was raising his gun to take aim at him.

As soon as Andrew had shot the Indian he jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother to shore; but Adam thinking more of the honor of carrying the scalp of the big Indian home as a trophy of victory than of his own safety, urged Andrew to go back and prevent the struggling savage from rolling himself into the river and escaping. Andrew's solicitude for the life of his brother prevented him from complying with this request. In the meantime, the Indian, jealous of the honor of his scalp even in

the agonies of death, succeeded in reaching the river and getting into the current so that his body was never obtained.

An unfortunate occurrence took place during this conflict. Just as Andrew arrived at the top of the bank for the relief of his brother, one of the party who had followed close behind him, seeing Adam in the river, and mistaking him for a wounded Indian, shot at him, and wounded him in the shoulder. He however recovered from his wounds. During the contest between Adam Poe and the Indians, the party had overtaken the remaining six of them.

A desperate conflict ensued, in which five of the Indians were killed. Our loss was three men killed, and Adam Poe severely wounded. Thus ended the Spartan conflict, with the loss of three valiant men on our part, and with that of the whole Indian party excepting one warrior. Never on any occasion was there a greater display of desperate bravery, and seldom did a conflict take place, which, in the

ssue, proved fatal to so great a proportion of those engaged in it.

The fatal result of this little campaign, on the side of the Indians, occasioned a universal mourning among the Wyandot nation. The big Indian and his four brothers, all of whom were killed at the same place, were among the most distinguished chiefs and warriors of their nation.

The big Indian was magnanimous as well as brave. He, more than any other individual, contributed, by his example and influence, to the good character of the Wyandots for lenity towards their prisoners. He would not suffer them to be killed or ill-treated. This mercy to captives was an honorable distinction in the character of the Wyandots, and was well-understood by our first settlers, who, in case of captivity, thought it a fortunate circumstance to fall into their hands.

The Johnsons.

The Boy Warriors.

In the fall of the year 1793, two boys of the name of John and Henry Johnson, the first thirteen, the latter eleven years old, whose parents lived in Carpenter's station, a little distance above the mouth of Short Creek, on the east side of the

Ohio river, were sent out in the evening to hunt the cows. At the foot of a hill at the back of the bottom, they sat down under a hickory tree to crack some nuts. They soon saw two men coming towards them, one of whom had a bridle in his hand. Being dressed like white men, they mistook them for their father and an uncle in search of horses. When they discovered their mistake, and attempted to run off, the Indians, pointing their guns at them, told them to stop or they would kill them. They halted and were taken prisoners.

The Indians being in pursuit of horses conducted the boys by a circuitous route over the Short creek hills in search of them, until late in the evening, when they halted at a spring in a hollow place, about three miles from the fort. Here they kindled a small fire, cooked and ate some victuals, and prepared to repose for the night. Henry, the youngest of the boys, during the ramble had affected the greatest satisfaction at having been taken

prisoner. He said his father was a hard master, who kept him always at hard work, and allowed him no play; but that for his part he wished to live in the woods and be a hunter. This deportment soon brought him into intimacy with one of the Indians, who could speak very good English. The Indians frequently asked the boys if they knew of any good horses running in the woods. Some time before they halted, one of the Indians gave the largest of the boys a little bag, which he supposed contained money, and made him carry it.

When night came on the fire was covered up, the boys pinioned, and made to lie down together. The Indians then placed their hoppis straps over them, and lay down, one on each side of them on the ends of the straps. Pretty late in the night the Indians fell asleep; and one of them becoming cold, caught hold of John in his arms and turned him over on the outside. In this situation, the boy, who had kept awake, found means to get his

hands loose. He then whispered to his brother, made him get up, and untied his arms. This done, Henry thought of nothing but running off as fast as possible; but when about to start, John caught hold of him, saying, "We must kill these Indians before we go." After some hesitation, Henry agreed to make the attempt. John then took one of the rifles of the Indians, and placed it on a log, with the muzzle close to the head of one of them. He then cocked the gun, and placed his little brother at the breech, with his finger on the trigger, with instructions to pull it as soon as he should strike the other Indian.

He then took one of the Indian's tomahawks, and standing astride of the other Indian, struck him with it. The blow however, fell on the back of the neck and to one side, so as not to be fatal. The Indian then attempted to spring up; but the little fellow repeated his blows with such force and rapidity on the skull, that, as he expressed it, "the Indian lay still

and began to quiver." At the moment of the first stroke given by the elder brother with the tomahawk, the younger one pulled the trigger, and shot away a considerable portion of the Indian's lower jaw. This Indian, a moment after receiving the shot, began to flounce about and yell in the most frightful manner. The boys then made the best of their way to the fort, and reached it a little before day-break. On getting near the fort they found the people all up and in great agitation on their account. On hearing a woman exclaim, "Poor little fellows, they are killed or taken prisoners!" the oldest one answered, "No, mother, we are here yet."

Having brought nothing away with them from the Indian camp, their relation of what had taken place between them and the Indians was not fully credited. A small party was soon made up to go and ascertain the truth or falsehood of their report. This party the boys conducted to the spot by the shortest route.

On arriving at the place, they found the Indian whom the oldest brother had tomahawked, lying dead in the camp; the other had crawled away, and taken his gun and shot-pouch with him. After scalping the Indian, the party returned to the fort; and the same day a larger party went out to look after the wounded Indian, who had crawled some distance from the camp and concealed himself in the top of a fallen tree, where, notwithstanding the severity of his wound, with a Spartan bravery, he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Having fixed his gun for the purpose, on the approach of the men to a proper distance, he took aim at one of them, and pulled the trigger, but his gun missed fire. On hearing the snap of the lock, one of the men exclaimed, "I should not like to be killed by a dead Indian!" The party concluding that the Indian would die at any rate, thought best to retreat, and return and look for him after some time. On returning, however, he could not be found, having crawled

away and concealed himself in some other place. His skeleton and gun were found some time afterwards.

The Indians who were killed were great warriors, and very wealthy. The bag, which was supposed to contain money, it was conjectured was got by one of the party who went out first in the morning. On hearing the report of the boys, he slipped off by himself, and reached the place before the party arrived. For some time afterwards he appeared to have a greater plenty of money than his neighbors.

The Indians themselves did honor to the bravery of these two boys. After their treaty with General Wayne, a friend of the Indians who were killed, made inquiry of a man from Short Creek, what had become of the boys who killed the Indians? He was answered that they lived at the same place with their parents. The Indian replied, "You have not done right; you should make kings of those boys."

Adventures of James Smith.

Among the earliest captivities on record from the Pennsylvania frontier, which is highly instructive of Indian life, is that of James Smith, who afterwards, from the opportunity afforded for becoming familiar with the habits of the savages, became as successful as prominent in skirmishes with them, during the subsequent wars of the country.

In the spring of 1755, a road was cut at the expense of the province of Pennsyl-

vania from Fort Louden, in Cumberland county, to the Three Forks of the Youghiogheny, intersecting at that place with Braddock's road. It was designed to fur-

GENERAL BRADDOCK.

nish supplies by this road, to Braddock's army, and as a communication with the western country for the same purpose when Braddock should take possession of it, as

little doubts were entertained about the success of his campaign.

Three hundred men were employed in the service. James Smith, a young man of eighteen years of age, was of the number. Being sent back with another for the purpose of hurrying forward some provision wagons, on their return they were waylaid by three Indians, his companion killed and scalped, and he taken prisoner. He was immediately marched to Fort Du Quesne, where his *entree* to the place failed not to be signalized by the cruel custom of running the *gantlet*, amid the yells, execrations, and blows of numerous savages. Felled to the earth before he had reached the place for which he had to run, he was carried senseless into the fort, and on return to a consciousness of his situation, found himself being administered to by a French physician, under whose care he eventually recovered from the wounds that had been so unmercifully inflicted upon him. In the meantime Braddock had advanced and been de-

feated. The distressing account given by him of that melancholy affair, throws much light upon the movements of the French and Indians at that time.

Shortly afterwards he was taken by some Delaware Indians, who had resolved on sparing his life, in a canoe up the Allegheny, to an Indian town, which he mentions as about forty miles distant; and from which it is probable that the Kittanning villages was the place, they being about that distance. After remaining here about three weeks he was taken to another town called Tullihas, inhabited by Delawares, Caughnewagas, and Mohikans, on the north branch of the Muskingum. The day after arriving at this latter place, the hair from his head was all plucked out but a small tuft on the crown, which they dressed after their own fashion. His ears and nose were then perforated and adorned with *jewels*. His accustomed dress was next abandoned and that of the Indian substituted. His body was now being painted with various colors, a belt of

SMITH CARRIED INTO THE FORT AFTER RUNNING THE GANTLET. (237)

wampum thrown over his neck, and his arms adorned with silver bands; he was led out in front of the wigwams by an old chief, who gave a few sharp halloes (*coo-wigh*), upon which the inhabitants of the whole town came running and gathered around him and the metamorphosed prisoner, whom he retained by the hand.

Smith not being informed for what object he was thus obliged to submit to their barbarous notions of dress; and now, that the whole inhabitants of the town were summoned, he began to suppose he had only been prepared to be the victim of some of their cruel rites. Not a prisoner being spared life, as he says, that was taken at Braddock's defeat, he concluded that they were now determined to prelude his death by the infliction of some excruciating torments.

When the multitude had assembled around, the old chief, by his side, made a long, loud speech. This ended, the prisoner was given into the custody of three young squaws, who leading him

by the hand down the bank of the river, entered it till the water was mid-way deep. The squaws made signs to him to plunge under the water, but not understanding the motive, he concluded that his death indeed had been resolved upon, and these three young females deputed his executioners; accordingly a most stubborn resistance was made by him, when the whole three endeavored as industriously to force him under the water. Loud yells and peals of laughter echoed from the motley crowd of chiefs, warriors, squaws and children, on the bank; while poor Smith as Thompson perhaps would express it, while alluding to a similar circumstance,

> "Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild,
> Outrageous tumult means,"

struggled the more.

At length one of the squaws calling all her little English in aid, made out to give him assurance of their perfectly peaceful intentions, by saying, "*no hurt you.*"

Upon, at length, thus understanding

their wishes, Smith quietly gave himself up to their ladyships, who, he said, were as good as their word; for though they plunged him under the water and washed and rubbed him severely, they did not hurt him much.

After the process of washing was over, he was conducted by the courteous females up to the council-house, where a full suit of Indian costume awaited him, in which he was immediately habited. It consisted of a ruffled shirt, a pair of leggins "done off with ribbons," and a "pair of moccasons dressed with beads, porcupine quills and red hair," together with a tinsel-laced capo. His neck and face were again painted various colors, and his head adorned with feathers.

Being seated on a bear-skin, a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat-skin pouch were given him; the latter containing tobacco, spunk, flint and steel. The Indians, dressed and painted in their grandest manner, now entered, and seating them-

selves with their pipes, a profound silence ensued.

Shortly, one of the chiefs rose and made a speech, addressing himself to Smith, which being interpreted to him, was—

"My son, you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony that was performed this day, every drop of white-man's blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken now into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. By what has passed this day you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have now nothing to fear. We are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore you are to consider yourself as one of our people."

Mr. Smith says, in his narrative, rather

humorously, that he did not at the time put much faith in this "fine speech" of the old man; especially that of the white-man's blood being washed from his veins. However, their subsequent conduct towards him proved the sincerity of the speech, for no distinction was afterwards made between him and their people.

Smith was now acknowledged and greeted by his new kins-folk, and the ensuing evening invited to a feast.

We have been minute in this part of the narrative, that the ceremony of adoption into this nation might be presented.

After the feast was over in the evening, their war-dance was performed and their war-song sung, preparatory to the departure of a party of warriors, who were to leave the next morning on a predatory excursion to the frontiers of Virginia.

Their war-dance seems to differ very little from that of the Senecas.

"They had both vocal and instrumental music," says Mr. Smith, "they had a short hollow gum, closed at one end with

water in it, and parchment stretched over the open end thereof, which they beat with one stick, and made a sound nearly like a muffled drum,—all those who were going on this expedition collected together and formed. An old Indian then began to sing, and timed the music by beating on his drum, as the ancients formerly timed their music by beating the tabor. On this the warriors began to advance, or move forward in concert, like well disciplined troops would march to the fife and drum. Each warrior had a tomahawk, spear, or war-mallet in his hand, and they all moved regularly towards the east, or the way they intended to go to war. At length they all stretched their tomahawks towards the Potomac, and giving a hideous shout or yell, they wheeled quick about, and danced in the same manner back. The next was the war-song. In performing this, only one sung at a time, in a moving posture, with a tomahawk in his hand, while all the other warriors were engaged in calling aloud *he-uh he-*

WAR-DANCE.

uh which they constantly repeated while the war-song was going on. When the warrior that was singing had ended his song, he struck a war-post with his tomahawk, and with a loud voice told what warlike exploits he had done, and what he now intended to do, which were answered by the other warriors with loud shouts of applause. Some who had not before intended to go to the war, at this time were so animated by the performance, that they took up the tomahawk and sung the war-song, which was answered with shouts of joy, as they were then initiated into the present marching company. The next morning this company all collected at one place, with their heads and faces painted with various colors, and packs upon their backs: they marched off, all silent, except the commander, who, in the front, sung the travelling song, which began in this manner: *hoo caugh tainte heegana.* Just as the rear passed the end of the town, they began to fire in their slow manner from the front to the rear,

which was accompanied with shouts and yells from all quarters."

Shortly afterwards the remaining warriors of the nation went on a hunting excursion a short distance west, Smith

BUFFALO HUNTING.

accompanied them. Many amusing things are related by him as occurring. It seems buffalo and elk were plenty at the time, which, with other animals, were killed in abundance by the party.

After an absence of about six weeks they returned. By this time the party that had left for the Virginia frontiers had returned. They had brought many prisoners and scalps with them.

In the autumn of the same year Smith was taken across to Erie, his adopted brother-in-law having married a Wyandot squaw, and removing thither was the occasion of Smith's going.

It seems not to have been an unusual custom for one nation to intermarry with another. The Caughnewagas are mentioned as having intermarried also with the Delawares.

Winter coming on a cabin was built for their shelter. "They cut logs," continues Smith, "about fifteen feet long, and laid these logs upon each other, and drove posts in the ground at each end to keep them together; the posts they tied together at the top with bark, and by this means raised a wall fifteen feet long, and about four feet high, and in the same manner they raised another wall opposite

to this, at about twelve feet distance; then they drove forks in the ground in the centre of each end, and laid a strong pole from end to end on these forks; and from these walls to the poles, they set up poles instead of rafters, and on these tied small poles in place of laths; and a cover was made of lynn bark, which will run even in the winter season.

"As every tree will not run, they examine the tree first, by trying it near the ground, and when they find it will do, they fell the tree and raise the bark with the tomahawk near the top of the tree, about five or six inches broad, then put the tomahawk handle under this bark, and pull it along down the butt of the tree; so that sometimes one piece of bark will be thirty feet long; this bark they cut at suitable lengths in order to cover the hut.

"At the end of these walls they set up split timber, so that they had timber all round, excepting a door at each end. At the top, in place of a chimney, they

INDIANS HUNTING THE BEAR.

left an open place, and for bedding they laid down the aforesaid kind of bark, on which they spread bear-skins. From end to end of this hut along the middle there were fires, which the squaws made of dry split wood, and the holes or open places that appeared, the squaws stopped with moss, which they collected from old logs; and at the door they hung a bearskin; and notwithstanding the winters are hard here, our lodging was much better than what I expected."

This done, the warriors again left to harass the frontiers, and the hunters to procure meat for the winter.

Warriors and hunters are distinct classes among the Indians, and the former chosen by votes on all occasions, which is considered a mark of high distinction. At this period when the guns were in demand for war, the hunters were restricted to bows and arrows, and often with a single arrow it seems they would kill even so formidable an animal as a bear.

Young Smith and Contileaugo, his brother-in-law, hunted in company. It being the time of year that bears lie most of the time in an inactive state in their lairs, and the season when their flesh is best, an endeavor was made to take them.

The manner in which they were caught was by observing trees with the bark scratched off which was done by them in the act of climbing to their holes—their lairs being for the most part in cavities in the bodies of trees at some distance from the ground.

When a tree was found with the bark somewhat scratched off, with a hole in the trunk above, a sapling was felled against it, to serve as a ladder. One of the hunters would now ascend the tree and drive out the animal with a pole, while another below stood in readiness to shoot the moment he made his appearance. If a failure was made in bringing him to daylight, a fire was kindled in the cavity to smoke him out.

TREEING A BEAR.

Several bears were procured in this way by Smith and the Indian.

As the spring opened the Indians began to be occupied in making sugar from the sap of the maple. Their vessels, it seems, for holding the water, were made from elm bark, being large enough to contain several gallons. Their manner of notching the tree to obtain the water was by cutting a large one, sloping downwards, at the end of which a tomahawk was driven in. After taking the tomahawk out, a chip was driven in, which answered as a spile, and under which the vessel was set. The water being collected was boiled in brass kettles, which most of the Indians endeavored to be furnished with.

The manner in which they used the sugar was by mixing it plentifully with bear's fat, into which they dipped roasted venison.

The Indians are noted for their ability to run long distances. The Wyandots sometimes relied upon their wind in running down horses, and often, it appears, caught them in this way.

Smith and his adopted brother-in-law, while hunting, came across some horses that were running at large. Stripping themselves naked, except the breech-clout and moccasons, they started in pursuit. Smith soon gave out for want of breath, but the Indian continued the pursuit the whole day, yet the animals still distanced him. The alternative then resorted to was to shoot them through the neck between the bone and the mane. This was resorted to in the present instance, but as, perhaps in many other cases, proved fatal, from not being able to send the ball precisely to the right place.

Many were the interesting scenes and customs of Indian life that fell under the notice of Smith while living with them. In the early part of the summer of 1758 word reached the French at Detroit that Forbes was preparing a formidable army to march against fort Du Quesne. Smith was then with the Indians near Detroit. From him we learn that the French, upon the receipt of this news, dispatched

MAPLE-SUGAR MAKING. (261)

runners to the different nations and tribes in that vicinity, soliciting their warriors to march forthwith to Fort Du Quesne to repel Forbes. The warriors generally soon rendezvoused at Detroit, with great cheerfulness and alacrity, boasting they would serve Forbes as they had Braddock.

After most of two years more wandering among the Indians, Smith made his escape to the French at Montreal, from which place, after being detained some time with other English prisoners, he was sent to Crown Point, and exchanged; from whence after five years absence, he returned home, where, he says, "he was received with great joy but with surprise, to seem so much like an Indian both in gait and gesture."

In 1765, Smith was granted a lieutenant's commission, and accompanied Bouquet in his campaign against the Ohio Indians.

Adventures of William Burbridge.

It was during the year 1764 that the first plan of lots, known as the Military Plan, was laid off adjacent to Fort Pitt, and the projected village called Pittsburg.

It was likewise during this same year that the old redoubt, still standing, was erected by Colonel Bouquet immediately after his return with the army from the Muskingum.

Among the settlements on the Loyal-

COLONEL BOUQUET.

hanna at this period, an old hunter by the name of William Burbridge, had commenced one near where New Alexandria now stands. He had built his cabin on the banks of the creek, at a considerable distance from any other, which, shaded

by the luxuriant forests had long been the remote home of the hunter-hermit before any other than himself had entered it.

He had commenced what was called a tomahawk improvement; but possibly when he took up his residence here, the acquisition of land had been no object. Like many others, in the distant forests, he may have remained but to enjoy the solitary hunter's life.

On the return of Bouquet's troops to the settlements east of the mountains, Burbridge in the course of his rambles happened to fall in with them. And having perhaps come to the wise conclusion, like one of old, that it was not mete to be any longer alone, took occasion to reveal the secret of his resolves to one of the women who accompanied the army. Patience Bickerstaff, the name of his lady-love, though somewhat in the downhill of life, whom he had but seen to admire and attempt to win, with the same good freedom of her wooer, unhesitatingly

confessed herself the won; and instantly agreed to become the partner of life's toils with him, and to accompany the hunter to his secluded abode.

Accordingly, Burbridge, after having procured from the homeward-bound soldiers a keg of whiskey, in exchange for some venison, which his faithful rifle never allowed him to be in want of, he proceeded with it under one arm, and his good bride at the other, to his cabin in the remote forests.

The history of this couple may be considered as instructive as amusing. It furnishes a specimen of life not uncommon at that period in the backwoods. We will therefore follow them to their home and accompany them in their subsequent wanderings.

Happy, doubtless, were the thrice pleased pair in their obscure retreat, far from the cares and turmoils of bustling life; with plenty of good venison and better *old rye* at their command. Here, at any rate, almost unheard of, for some

time they remained. And if happiness were not their's, it was not because they were displeased with themselves or the life they had chosen.

However, after a time the settlements began to approach; and of a still morning the sound of the forest-felling axe could be heard at a distance. And never perhaps did the hated harbinger of approaching civilization fall upon the Indian's ear with more unwelcomeness. A few months had but passed and the lands on the creek above and below Burbridge's cabin began to be *taken up*, as it was called, and the solitary hunter found himself no longer alone, when on an excursion through the pathless woods.

As most of the settlers of this period, like Burbridge, were rather hunters than cultivators of the soil, he found among those he occasionally met with, spirits not uncongenial, who afterwards became his companions, and too much like himself, were fonder of pursuing the track of a deer, or testing their skill with the rifle at

a target, than making an industrious effort at a settlement. The latter pastime was often resorted to, while the point at issue could seldom be settled. Accordingly it happened a day for a general trial of their skill was appointed. Burbridge had recently become the owner of a new silver-mounted rifle, of which he was very proud, not merely because it was of handsome make, but of unerring aim. This rifle, in the hands of its practised owner, won the prize from the competitors on the day that had been fixed for the trial of their skill.

Among those who contended for the reward of being called the "best shot," was a friendly Indian, known by the English name of *Jim Compass.* He had known but little of Burbridge, but now on a closer acquaintance, pretended to be much pleased with him; while he perhaps was better pleased with his rifle. Upon Burbridge leaving for home, the Indian proposed to accompany and spend a few days with him hunting, which was

readily assented to, and they became com panions.

One morning the call of a turkey was heard down the creek some distance below the cabin. The two proposed to proceed cautiously down the bank and kill it. When at some distance on the way, and approaching the bank where it overlooked the stream, the Indian suddenly halted and pretended to direct the attention of Burbridge to some water-fowl, which he alleged were in the creek immediately under the bank, before them. Both, with their guns in a position ready to fire, softly neared the brow of the bank. Burbridge was foremost, and the moment his attention was thus directed, the Indian treacherously discharged his gun and shot him through the back. Fatally wounded, but not killed, he fell to the earth, and instantly comprehending the treachery of the act, directed his rifle as he partly lay, towards the Indian, with the determination to despatch him. But the Indian dropping his own gun sprang

JIM COMPASS. (271)

behind a tree, a few steps distant, to save himself from his victim.

The secret of the whole was, that the Indian wished from the moment he had seen Burbridge's gun to become the possessor of it; and had made himself his companion expressly to await an opportunity to wrest it from him. However, no chance presenting to obtain it short of taking life, the treacherous alternative, at length, was determined upon, and committed in the manner just related.

The situation of the two was now curiously interesting. The wounded hunter unable to rise to his feet or crawl from the spot in which he lay, sedulously beseiged the Indian behind the tree. His uncharged gun lay between him and Burbridge, and he dared not either venture to recover it, or attempt to escape from the tree, for the unerring rifle which he attempted to obtain, by his cowardly conduct, was still pointed towards him by the unfortunate, but yet unnerved, hunter.

Night came, but with it brought no

return of Burbridge or the Indian to the lonely cabin, where Patience Bickerstaff found herself the sole occupant. Two days and two nights more elapsed, and still she received no tidings of her hunter-husband.

She had heard the report of the rifle a short distance down the creek, directly after the two had left in pursuit of the turkey; and now judging that some accident might have happened, concluded to go down the bank on search. To her great sorrow and distress she came upon Burbridge where he lay, still alive, though nearly famished with hunger and worn down with exposure.

The Indian, though enabled to escape from his unpleasant situation at the return of night, still lingered around till the wasted strength of Burbridge allowed resistance no longer, when the rifle was taken, and he fled from the neighborhood with it.

Burbridge related the fatal circumstance in a few words to his sympathizing

help-mate. While she remained at his side, a number of *land-jobbers* came by on the opposite side of the creek. Patience hailed them for assistance, and they came over and bore the almost expiring hunter to his humble cabin, where he died in a few days.

The faithful Patience Bickerstaff was now alone. But there were more hunters in the neighborhood than the one she had buried; with not a few of them she had become acquainted. For one of these a manifest predilection was early evident, and the worthy Patience was soon again entitled to the romantic distinction of *hunter's bride.*

A brother of the deceased Burbridge appeared in the neighborhood about this time, and as the lands were principally surveyed and claimed, they were looked upon as worth something. The brother, Thomas, by name, therefore, became the proper claimant of the tract on which Patience with her new husband still

resided, and accordingly commenced an occupancy of it.

Patience Bickerstaff and her husband now concluded to remove out to Forbes' road, and there keep public house; as that thoroughfare to the western country began to offer some inducement to prepare entertainment for emigrants and travellers that already passed along it.

Accordingly a cabin was erected at the road-side, and a keg of whiskey procured. And that the weary wayfarer might not pass the hospitable abode uninformed of its objects, a broad *clapboard* was pinned above the door on the outside, on which was written with keel, in large letters, the welcoming *insigne* of "ENTERTAINMENT."

Thomas Burbridge being an old bachelor, and, like what his brother had been, a hunter, cared little about the improvement of the land. Before he had been long an occupant of the dilapidated cabin a family appeared in the neighborhood in pursuit of land, to whom Thomas made

SCENE AT BICKERSTAFF TAVERN.

a sale. The conditions of which show, at least, the trifling value which was set upon land at that period. They were, that the purchaser should lodge Burbridge in his family during his life, for the consideration of a full and entire right to the tract of land, and a sufficient supply of venison and wild meat for the family, which Burbridge was to procure by way of pastime.

The purchaser's name was Samuel Craig. One of his sons, Captain John Craig, an old revolutioner, was recently living, and resided near Freeport, in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania. Though far descended in the vale of life, being nearly an hundred years old, this excellent old gentleman with his lighted pipe in his hand, his constant companion, never failed to entertain with considerable vivacity, those who called upon him for a narration of the "tales of other days."

The Indian Trail.

"The Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity!" were the first words of a breathless woodman as he rushed into a block-house of a village in Western New York, during one of the early border wars. "Up, up—a dozen men should have been on the trail two hours ago."

"God help us!" said one of the group, a bold frank forester, and with a face whiter than ashes, he leaned against the wall gasping for breath. Every eye was turned on him with sympathy, for he and

Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was universally respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill-seat he owned, about two miles from the village. His family consisted of his eldest daughter and three children. He had been from home, so the runner said, when his house was attacked, nor had his neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe, until the light of the burning tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who was a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who proceeded towards the flames, found the house and mills in ruins, recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and was the individual who now stood breathlessly narrating the events which we in fewer words have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village like a fire spreads in a swamp after a

drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block-house was filled with eager and sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement gathered, to a man, around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart; and though few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand, and the accompanying looks, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. That party was about to set forth, when a man was seen hurriedly running up the road from the direction of the desolated home.

"It is Mr. Stuart!" said one of the oldest of the group, "stand back, and let him come in."

The men parted right and left from the doorway, and immediately the father entered, the neighbors bowing respectfully to him as he passed. He scarcely

BREAKING INTO MR. STUART'S HOUSE.

returned their salutation, but advancing directly to his intended son-in-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms. The spectators, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of their grief, turned their faces away with that instinctive delicacy which is nowhere to be found more often than among those who are thought to be rude borderers; but they heard sobs and they knew that the heart of the usually collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"My friends," said he, at length—"this is kind; I see you know my loss, and are ready to march with me! God bless you!" He could say no more, for he was choked with emotion.

"Stay back, father," said young Leper, using for the first time a name which in that moment of desolation carried sweet comfort to the parent's heart "you cannot bear the fatigue as well as me—death only will prevent us from bringing back Mary."

"I know it—I know it, my son—but I

cannot stay here in suspense. No, I will go with you, I have to-day the strength of a dozen men!"

The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one impulse, set forth.

There was no difficulty in finding the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed incredible to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. But rapid as their march was, hour after hour elapsed without any signs of savages, though evidence that they passed the route a while before, was continually met. The sun rose high above the heavens until he stood above the tree-tops, then he began slowly to decline, and at length his slant beams could scarcely penetrate the forest; yet there was no appearance of the Indians, and the hearts of the pursuers began to despond. Already the pursuit was useless, for the boundaries of the settlers' district had long been

INDIANS CARRYING OFF PRISONERS.

passed; they were in the very heart of the savages' country; and by this time the Indians had probably reached their village. Yet, when the older men, who alone would venture to suggest a return, looked at the father or the intended son-in-law, young Leper, they could only utter the words which would carry despair to two almost breaking hearts, and so the march was continued. But night drew on, and one of the elders spoke:

"There seems to be no hope," he said, stopping and, resting his rifle on the ground, "we are far from our families, What would become of the village, if attacked in our absence?"

This was a question that went to every heart, and by one consent the party stopped, and many, especially of the older ones, took a step or two involuntarily homewards. The father and young Leper looked at each other in mute despair.

"You are right, Jenkins," said the

young man, at length. "It is selfish in us to lead you so far away from home on"—and here for an instant he choked—"on perhaps a fruitless errand. Go back; we thank you for having come so far. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even if it leads into the very heart of an Indian village."

"And I will follow you!" "And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices; for daring, in moments like these, carried the day against cooler counsels, and the young to a man, sprang to Leper's side.

Even the old men were affected by the contagion. They were torn by conflicting emotions, now thinking of their wives and little ones behind, and now reminded of the suffering captives before.

They still fluctuated, when one of the young men exclaimed in a low voice—

"See! there they are!" and as he spoke he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in the twilight above the tree-tops, from the bottom of the valley lying immediately beyond them.

"On them, on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but silently, for the slightest noise will ruin our hopes."

Oh, how the father's heart thrilled at these words! The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuits, had wrung his heart, and with Leper he had resolved to go unaided, though meantime he had watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of the councils, for he knew that two men, or even a dozen, would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives. But when his eyes caught the distant light, hope rushed wildly back over his heart. With the next minute he was foremost in the line of pursuers, apparently the coolest and most cautious of all.

With a noiseless tread the borderers proceeded untill they were within a few yards of the encamped Indians, whom they discovered through the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed up when now and then a fresh brand was thrown upon it. Stealthily creeping forward a few paces

further, they discerned the captive girl with her two little brothers and three sisters, bound, a short distance from the group; and at the sight, the fear of the father lest some of his little ones, unable to keep up in the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, gave way to a thrill of indescribable joy. He and Jenkins were now by common consent looked on as the leaders of the party. He paused to count the group.

"Twenty-five in all," he said, in a low whisper. "We can take off a third at least with one fire, and then rush in on them," and he looked to Jenkins who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispering the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled lest the accidental crackling of a twig, or a tone spoken unadvisedly above a whisper, should attract the attention of the savages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprung to his feet,

and looked suspiciously in the direction of our little party. At the same instant, another sprung toward the prisoners, and, with eyes fixed on the place where the pursuers lay, held his tomahawk above the startled girl, as if to strike the instant any demonstrations of hostilities should appear.

The children clung to their sister's side with stifled cries. The moment was critical; if the proximity of the pursuers was suspected their discovery would be the result. To wait until each man had his victim assigned him, might prove ruinous; to fire prematurely might be equally so. But Leper forgot every consideration in the peril of Mary, and almost at the instant when the occurrences we have related were taking place, took aim at the savage standing over his betrothed and fired. The Indian fell dead.

Immediately a yell rang through the forest—the savages leaped to their arms, a few dashed into the thicket, others

rushed on the prisoners, the most sagacious retreating behind trees. But on that whoop a dozen rifles rang in the air, and half a score of the assailed fell to the earth, while the borderers breaking from the thicket, with uplifted tomahawks, came to the rescue.—A wild hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which nothing could be seen except the figures of the combatants, rolling together among the whirling leaves; nothing heard but angry shouts, and the groans of the wounded and dying. In a few minutes the borderers were victorious.

Leper had been the first to enter the field.—Two stout savages dashed at him with swinging tomahawks, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell stunned by a blow from the butt end of his father's rifle, who followed his intended son-in-law a step or two behind. A second's delay would have been too late.

Fortunately, none of the assailants were killed, though several were seriously wounded.—The suddenness of the attack

may account for the comparative immunity which they enjoyed.

How shall we describe the gratitude with which the father kissed his rescued children? How shall we tell the rapture with which Leper clasped his affianced bride to his bosom? We feel our incapacity for the task and drop a veil over emotions too holy for exposure. But many a stout borderer wept at the sight.

Estill's Defeat.

One of the most remarkable pioneer fights, in the history of the West, was that waged by Captain James Estill, and seventeen of his associates, on the 22d March, 1782, with a party of Wyandot Indians, twenty-five in number. Sixty-three years almost have elapsed since; yet one of the actors in that sanguinary struggle, Rev. Joseph Proctor, of Estill county, Ky., survived to the 2d December, 1844, dying in the full enjoyment of his faculties in the 90th year of his age. His wife, the partner of his early privations

and toils, and nearly as old as himself, deceased six months previously.

On the 19th March, 1782, Indian rafts, without any one on them, were seen floating down the Kentucky river, past Boonsborough. Intelligence of this fact was immediately dispatched by Col. Logan to Capt. Estill, at his station fifteen miles from Boonsborough, and near the present site of Richmond, Kentucky, together with a force of fifteen men, who were directed to march from Lincoln county to Estil's assistance, instructing Captain Estill, if the Indians had not appeared there, to scour the country with a reconnoitring party, as it could not be known at what point the attack would be made.

Estill lost not a moment in collecting a force to go in search of the savages; not doubting, from his knowledge of the Indian character, that they designed an immediate blow at his or some neighboring station. From his own and the nearest stations he raised twenty-five men.

Whilst Captain Estill and his men

were on this expedition, the Indians suddenly appeared around his station at the dawn of day, on the 20th of March, killed and scalped Miss Innes, daughter of Captain Innes, and took Munk, a slave of Captain Estill, captive. The Indians immediately and hastily retreated, in consequence of a highly exaggerated account which Munk gave them of the strength of the station, and number of fighting men in it.

No sooner had the Indians commenced their retreat, than the women in the fort (the men being all absent, except one on the sick list) dispatched two boys, the late Gen. Samuel South and Peter Hackett, to take the trail of Capt. Estill and his men, and on overtaking them, give them information of what had occurred at the fort. The boys succeeded in coming up with Capt. Estill early on the morning of the 21st, between the mouths of Downing Creek and Red River.

After a short search, Capt. Estill's party struck the trail of the retreating Indians

SLAUGHTER OF MISS INNES.

It was resolved at once to make pursuit, and no time was lost in doing so. Five men of the party, however, who had families in the fort, feeling uneasy for their safety and unwilling to trust their defence to the few who remained there, returned to the fort, leaving Captain Estill's party, thirty-five in number. These pressed the pursuit of the retreating Indians, as rapidly as possible, but night coming on they encamped near the Little Mountain, now Mount Sterling.

Early next morning they quickly pushed forward, being obliged to leave ten of the men behind, whose horses were too jaded to travel further. They had not proceeded far until they discovered by fresh tracks of the Indians, that they were not far distant. They then marched in four lines until about an hour before sunset, when they discovered six of the savages helping themselves to rations from the body of a buffalo, which they had killed. The company was ordered to dismount. With the usual impetuosity of Ken-

tuckians, some of the party fired without regarding orders, and the Indians fled. One of the party, a Mr. David Cook, who acted as ensign, exceedingly ardent and active had proceeded in advance of the company and seeing an Indian halt, raised his gun and fired. At that same moment another Indian crossed on the opposite side, and they were both levelled with the same shot. This occurring in view of the whole company, inspired them all with a high degree of ardor and confidence.

In the meantime, the main body of the Indians had heard the alarm and returned, and the two hostile parties exactly matched in point of numbers, having twenty-five on each side, were now face to face. The ground was highly favorable to the Indian mode of warfare; but Capt. Estill and his men, without a moment's hesitation, boldly and fearlessly commenced an attack upon them, and the latter as boldly and fearlessly (for they were picked warriors) engaged in the bloody combat. It is, however, disgrace-

ful to relate that, at the very onset of the action, Lieut. Miller, of Capt. Estill's party, with six men under his command, "ingloriously fled" from the field, thereby placing in jeopardy the whole of their comrades, and causing the death of many brave soldiers. Hence, Estill's party numbered eighteen, and the Wyandots twenty-five.

The flank becoming thus unprotected, Capt. Estill directed Cook with three men to occupy Miller's station, and repel the attack in that quarter, to which this base act of cowardice exposed the whole party. The Ensign and his party were taking the position assigned, when one of them discovered an Indian and shot him, and the three retreated to a little eminence whence they thought greater execution could be effected with less danger to themselves, but Cook continued to advance without noticing the absence of his party until he had discharged his gun with effect, when he immediately retreated, but after running some distance to a large tree for the purpose of shelter in firing, he unfortunately

got entangled in the tops of fallen timber and halting for a moment, received a ball which struck him just below the shoulder-blade, and came out below his collar bone.

In the meantime, on the main field of battle, at the distance of fifty yards, the fight raged with great fury, lasting one hour and three quarters. On either side wounds and death were inflicted, neither party advancing nor retreating.—"Every man to his man, and every man to his tree." Capt. Estill at this period was covered with blood from a wound received early in the action; nine of his brave companions lay dead upon the field; and four others were so disabled by their wounds, as to be unable to continue the fight. Capt. Estill's fighting men were now reduced to four. Among this number was Joseph Proctor.

Capt. Estill, the brave leader of this Spartan band, was now brought into personal conflict with a powerful and active Wyandot warrior.—The conflict was for a time fierce and desperate, and keenly

CAPTAIN ESTILL.

and anxiously watched by Proctor with his finger on the trigger of his unerring rifle. Such, however, was the struggle between these fierce and powerful warriors, that Proctor could not shoot without greatly endangering the safety of his captain. Estill had had his right arm broken the preceding summer in an engagement with the Indians; and, in the conflict with the warrior on this occasion, that arm gave way, and in an instant his savage foe buried his knife in Captain Estill's breast; but at the very same moment, the brave Proctor sent a ball from his rifle to the Wyandot's heart. The survivors then drew off as by mutual consent.—Thus ended this memorable battle. It wanted nothing but the circumstance of numbers to make it the most memorable in ancient or modern times. The loss of the Indians, in killed and wounded, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers after the shameful retreat of Miller, was even greater than that of Capt. Estill.

It was afterwards ascertained by prisoners who were recaptured from the Wyandots, that seventeen of the Indians had been killed and two severely wounded. This battle was fought on the same day, with the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, March 22d, 1782.

There is a tradition derived from the Wyandot towns, after the peace, that but one of the warriors engaged in this battle ever returned to his nation.

It is certain that the chief who led on the Wyandots with so much desperation, fell in the action. Throughout this bloody engagement the coolness and bravery of Proctor were unsurpassed. But his conduct after the battle has always, with those acquainted with it, elicited the warmest commendation. He brought off the field of battle, and most of the way to the station, a distance of forty miles on his back, his badly wounded friend, the late brave Colonel William Irvine, so long and so favorably known in Kentucky.

The Pioneer and the Panther.

Mr. E. E. Williams has furnished me with some interesting notes of pioneer adventures. He has been an old hunter, supplying not only his own family, but the settlements in which he lived—Cincinnati among the rest,—with venison and bear meat. He killed the last buffalo seen in Kentucky. At the age of seventy-five his bodily and mental powers are unimpaired.

Well, said this old veteran, after finishing his statistics of Indian warfare, and in reply to other questions, let me tell you a story or two of bears and panthers.

I was living on a branch of Bigbone, called Panther Run, from the circumstance to this day. It was the year after I had been out with General Wayne. I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk, and butcher knife in my belt as customary; and scouring about the woods, I came to a thick piece of brush, in short a perfect thicket of hoop-poles. I discovered some dreadful growling and scuffling was going on, by the sound, apparently within a hundred yards or so. I crept as cautiously and silently as possible through the thicket, and kept on until I found myself within, perhaps, twenty steps of two very large male panthers, who were making a desperate fight, screaming, spitting and yelling like a couple of ram cats, only much louder, as you may guess.

A PANTHER.

At last, one of them seemed to have absolutely killed the other, for he lay quite motionless. This was what I had been waiting for, and while the other was swinging back and forwards over him in triumph, I blazed away, but owing to that motion, I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly.—They are a very hard animal to kill, anyhow. But he made one prodigious bound through the bush and cleared himself out of my sight, the ground where we were being quite broken as well as sideling. I then walked up to the other, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him, when he made one spring to his feet and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds.

I was uncommonly active as well as stout in those days, and I feared neither man nor mortal in a scuffle, but I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of such a beast. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him as

fast as possible for dear life. So we tussled away, the ground being sideling and steep at that, which increased my trouble to keep from falling; we gradually worked down-hill till I was forced against a large log, and we both came to the ground, I inside and the panther outside of it, he still keeping hold, although evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips he was getting. I kept on knifing away till I found his hold slackening, and he let go at last to my great rejoicing.

I got to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had dropped early in the scuffle, got it and ran home. I gathered the neighbors with their dogs, and on returning found the panthers not more than fifteen rods apart; the one I had knifed dying, and the one I had shot making an effort to climb a tree to the height of eight or ten feet, when he fell and was speedily dispatched.

Next day I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a saddler at Lexington for two dollars a piece. You may

depend, I never got into such a grip again with a panther.

The panther referred to in the above story is different from the African panther. It is sometimes called by the hunters a catamount. The naturalists call it puma. It is a large, powerful animal of the cat kind, not spotted like the African panther, but of a lead color above, and white below. It is found in North America, and the northern part of South America.

The Pioneer and the Bear.

I HAVE given the reader a panther fight in which my old pioneer friend Wil iams was engaged some fifty years ago. One or two adventures with bears, which occurred to him about the same time, will serve at once to diversify this narrative, and afford additional light on the modes of living, in early days of the West. I give the story almost in his own words.

My wife was lying at home in her confinement with her second child, and to lighten our cares the older one, about two years of age, had to be taken home to her grandmother's who lived a matter of two miles off. When my wife was able to be stirring about once more, I went over to fetch the little one, and was returning with it in my arms when it began to cry, and I was so busy trying to quiet it, that I hardly noticed at first the sound of steps and a savage growling behind me. Turning my head around, I saw a great he-bear, one of the largest I ever saw. He was then within a rod of me. As I turned, my dog, a large and powerful brute, part bull, part greyhound, turned also; and springing at the bear seized him by the hind leg, to check his progress and favor my escape.

I made tracks with all the speed I could. The bear would turn on the dog, when the dog would break his hold, and the bear would put off again after

me. Again the dog would lay hold, and the bear again turn on him, compelling him to let go. In this way I was gaining on him, although excessively tired, being obliged to carry the child at arm's length, and a very heavy one it was.

The child cried the more from being held in so awkward a position, which made the bear more and more savage on my tracks. At last I came in where a path led off through the brush to my home, and the bear being intent on keeping off the dog, passed it without notice, and I got home safe. I gave the child to its mother, and taking my rifle down, started out after the old *cuss*.

I had hardly got to the road when I met my dog *Tory*, as I called him, breathless and bloody, having received some pretty severe bruises from the bear. He refused to follow me, and I was obliged to give up the bear-hunt for that time.

Some time afterwards one of the

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neighbors reporting he had seen the bear fasten on a large hog, a constant lookout was kept for him in the settlement. I was out one evening after deer, when I discovered by the smell that carrion was in the neighborhood; I watched the crows to see where they would light, and as I got nearer I heard the bear growl, having been absent for water, and on his way back to the carcass. As soon as I saw him I took aim and fired, hit him on the skull, tore off a large stripe over the eye-brow and while he lay stunned, ran up to him within a few feet, fired again, and killed him on the spot. This bear had been a nuisance to the neighborhood for three years, having killed in that space of time between seventy-five and one hundred head of hogs, big and little, besides other domestic animals, some fine calves among the rest.

At another time I was out hunting one day, and came on the tracks of a large bear. A light snow on the

ground enabled me to follow it up readily, which I did for about half a mile to a large oak, up which at about thirty-five feet high there was a hole sizable enough to let the bear in. As it was winter, I knew that it would stay there some time if undisturbed, and went home to gather some of the neighbors for the hunt. So a few days after, I got two of them, Alexander Herrington and Richard Shorit, with their dogs. One of the men had a rifle and the other an axe. We found the tree too large and otherwise difficult to climb, being for thirty-five feet without a limb; and we concluded finally to fell a small beech tree against it, by which we could climb up to the hole.

This was accordingly done, and it lodged safely against the oak. I built a fire to make chunks to throw in the hole, and proposed to the men to go up and get the bear out, which they both refused to attempt. I was unwilling to go up myself, having no confi-

dence in their knowledge of hunting, and fearing they would miss the bear; but seeing there was no other way, I took off my mocasons for fear of slipping, and tying a string to a chunk of fire, I gave my rifle to Herrington, and climbed the beech which lay very steep against the hollow tree. When I got to the hole I looked in very cautiously, and after waving the chunk backwards and forwards in the air, to make it burn, held it there, as a light to judge the depth of the bear's retreat. Seeing nothing, however, I dropped the chunk, which, by the sound, appeared to fall twelve or fifteen feet before I heard it strike.

Presently the bear started up with a grunt like an old sow roused from her lair, and growling awfully, clambered up, snorting at a great rate, while I let myself down as fast as possible on the tree by which I came up. The bear, on getting to the hole, began to poke out her head in every direction to ascertain who and how many were disturbing her.

I called out to Shorit to shoot her in the sticking-place; but he having no experience, hit her on the nose, which only enraged her the more, and down she came, butt foremost, winding the tree round like a squirrel, and nearly as fast, letting go her hold when within a few feet of the earth. As soon as she came to the ground, two of the dogs seized her, but she soon crippled both. Herrington having run off with my rifle as soon as she began to come down, I had to run some distance before I could get it out of his hands, and when I did, the priming had got wet by his carelessness, and the gun would not go off. I then seized a dead limb by way of hand-spike and banged away at the bear to make her let go one of the dogs which she was killing as fast as possible. Two or three blows made her let go.

The creature was so fat and cramped up in the tree that she could hardly move over the ground at first, and giving the

crippled dogs to the others to carry home, seven or eight miles, I ran to where I had hung my powder horn, and priming afresh, I put on my mocasons and set out after the bear, which had, by this time, got considerable of a start. I run it ten or twelve miles, before I caught up, which I did, by finding the bear, which was fat, had taken to a large hollow beech tree to rest herself, where she lay in the crotch. One crack of the rifle brought her down lifeless. I then butchered her, took the entrails out and left the bear on its belly, spreading out the legs, well knowing that in this position, nothing in the shape of wild beasts would molest it in the woods. I went home very tired. Next morning my brother and I took horses on which we carried the carcass home

It weighed three hundred and eighty seven pounds when dressed.

Bancroft Library

I have killed in the course of my hunting scrapes rising of twenty bears, of which these were the two largest.

The next time I saw Herrington and Shorit, I told them never to go hunting with me, or I might be tempted to serve them as I had done the bear, and upbraided them with their cowardice, which might have cost me my life. Shorit was from Pomfret, Connecticut, the neighborhood where Putnam killed the wolf, and excused himself by saying, he would far rather have gone in after that wolf, than risk the hug of a bear thirty or forty feet from the ground.

Mrs. Parker and the Indians.

On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived in 1812, an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children; the eldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest

a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone, in company with three Indians, on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days.—The third day after the departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one, or sometimes more, of a party of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with "Ugh, old Parker die." This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian, "What's the matter with Parker?" The Indian responded, "Parker sick, tree fell on him, you go he die." Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was? The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however,

came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter. The boy and the Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the door and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he went to see after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe, and thus armed, they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves if necessary. They had not long to wait after nightfall; for, shortly after that, some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out "Mother, mother;" but Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son's. In order to ascertain the fact, she said "Jake, where are the Indians?" The reply, which was "Um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said, as if

speaking to her son, "Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door, I want to tell you something before I open the door." The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired her rifle through the same spot, and killed an Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for, quicker than I have penned the last two words, two rifle bullets came crashing through the door. The old lady then said to her daughter, "Thank God, there is but two; I must have killed the one at the door: they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father. If we can only kill or cripple another one of them, we will be safe; now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one; but if I miss them when getting in, you must use the axe."—The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her she would.

Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the

window. A death-like stillness ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls in quick succession were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fiendish yell an Indian was about to spring in, when the unerring rifle, fired by the gallant old lady, stretched his lifeless body on the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly, the surviving, Indian, fired at random and ran, doing no injury. "Now," said the old heroine, to her undaunted daughter, "we must leave." Accordingly, with the rifle and the axe, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision, except one wild duck and two blackbirds, which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis. A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois—and after an unsuccessful search returned without finding either Parker or his boys. They were never

found. There are yet some of the old settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria who still point out the spot where "Old Parker, the squatter," lived.

Such examples of heroism as that exhibited by Mrs. Parker on this occasion were by no means unusual in the old pioneer times of the West. The women in those days were accustomed to labor with their own hands; they did not scorn to use the agricultural implements of their husbands and brothers, whenever the emergencies of the season, or the scant supply of labor, made it seem necessary for them to do so. It should occasion us, therefore, no surprise, when we find them laying down the hoe or the pitchfork, and taking up the rifle for the defence of their homes.

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